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(Number 187.)

HIS OWN ENEMY.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HAPPY PAIR."

As first produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, under the management of J. B. Buckstone, Esq., March 8, 1873; and at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, under the management of Augustin Daly, Esq., Aug. 2, 1875.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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8. The Maiden and Her Linnet.	Montgomery.	59. Hattie Bell	Webster.
11. Soft Dew is Sleeping	Barker.	61. Whisper "Yes," or "No," Love.	"Adele."
16. When the Roses Blow	Allen.	62. Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	Wrighton.
20. Beautiful Bells	Coope.	63. Oh, Cast that Shadow from Thy Brow	Tucker.
21. The Mother's Dream	Sullivan.	64. Love Not	Blockley.
23. My Spirit Star	Young.	65. She Wore a Wreath of Roses.	Knight.
25. Little Maggle May	Blamphin.	70. Pretty Little Dark Eyes	Parker.
26. The Vagabond	Molloy.	72. When we went a Gleaning.	Ganz.
31. My Heart is O'er the Sea	Claribel.	74. Mary of Argyle	Nelson.
32. Maggie's Welcome	Claribel.	75. What Did Little Birdie Say?	Balfe.
35. Dreaming of Nellie	Hogett.	76. Sing, Birdie, Sing	Ganz.
37. Five O'Clock in the Morning,	Claribel.	78. Spring-Time of Life	Jackson.
39. She Came and Vanished Like a Dream	Boucher.	79. Nightingale's Trill	Ganz.
41. Meet Me in the Lane	Blamphin.		
43. Tapping at the Garden Gate.			
45. Sleeping on Guard	Wrighton.		
47. Summer Dew	Barker.		
49. Oh, My Lost Love	Plumpton.		

HIS OWN ENEMY.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HAPPY PAIR."

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq.,
MARCH 8, 1875; AND AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT
OF AUGUSTIN DALY, Esq., AUG. 2. 1875

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—SYNOPSIS OF THE PIECE—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket Theatre, London, March 8, 1875.	Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Aug. 2, 1875.
Frederick Whymper.....	Mr. KENDAL.	Mr. B. T. RINGGOLD.
Captain Cameron.....	Mr. W. GORDON.	Mr. CHAS. ROCKWELL.
Moley } (Detectives) }	Mr. WEATHERSBY.	Mr. JOHN MOORE.
Groper } }	Mr. JAMES.	Mr. I. DEVEAU.
Harris.....		Mr. J. SULLIVAN.
Mrs. Whymper.....	Miss MADGE ROBERTSON. (Mrs. Kendal.)	Miss NANNY SARGENT.

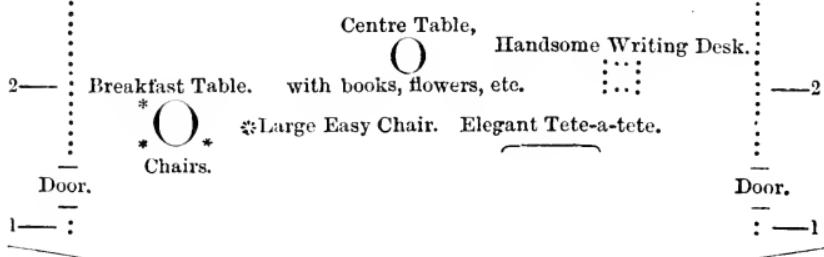
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SCENE—Chalkshire. TIME—The Present.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION--FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES.

SCENERY.

SCENE.—A large, handsomely-furnished drawing-room in Mr. WHYMPER'S
3—..... | Window. | | Glass Doors. | | Window. |—3 g.



house, in 3d grooves, with breakfast laid out on table. Garden seen through windows and doors at back.

COSTUMES.

FREDERICK WHYMPER.—Handsome light trousers; white vest; elegant brown velvet cutaway coat; rich but not showy jewelry; has the general appearance of being a polished "society" gentleman.

CAPTAIN CAMERON.—Dark gray trousers; dark vest; dark blue or black frock coat; silk hat.

Messrs. MOLEY and GROPER dress in dark modern travelling suits.

HARRIS.—Neat dark livery.

Mrs. WHYMPER.—Very handsome morning dress of white or spotted muslin. Hair tastefully arranged in latest modern style.

PROPERTIES.

Several newspapers; handsome breakfast equipage; two or three small jewel cases; a handful of small gold coin; case containing two duelling pistols; warrant for MOLEY; telegram for GROPER.

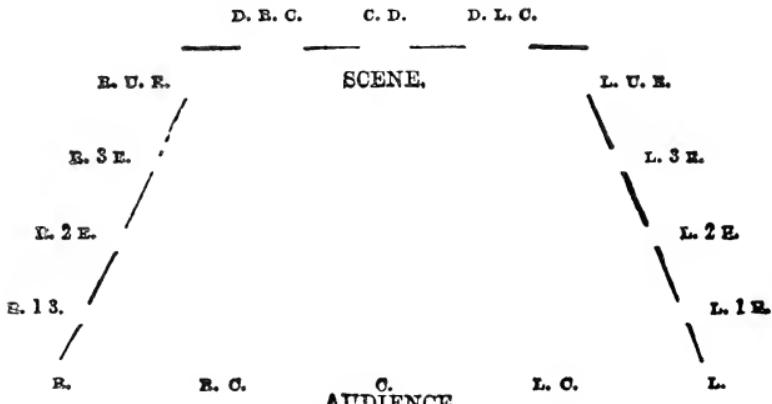
SYNOPSIS.

ALL the incidents of this piece occur in an elegant drawing-room in Mr. WHYMPER's mansion. Mr. W. is a gentleman of fortune, who, although only a few months married, has become satiated with the charms and accomplishments of his pretty young partner, and tired of the *honeyed* sweets of the hymenial state. As he sits languidly poring over the contents of the different morning papers, he gives vent to his dissatisfaction in a monologue full of wit and oddity, winding up by exclaiming, "If I were only a bachelor once more I should be the happiest being in creation!" His young wife, MABEL, stealing in on tiptoe, hears only the latter section of the sentence, and joyously says, "That's *me*. Good boy, to be always thinking of his wee wife;" and then she fondly kisses him. Then follows a long dialogue, sparkling with wit and spirit, during which the husband intimates to his better half that they are the laughing stock of the neighborhood, from being seen always together and showing so much fondness for each other. He winds up by telling MABEL that "a mad but evanescent idolatry has given place to a regard that is eternal, because based upon respect." Poor MABEL is quite affected at this; but she becomes positively astonished when her beloved husband advises her to get up "a little mild flirtation with a really gentlemanly young fellow—just to pass away the time." The young lady intimates that such conduct might make him jealous. But the conceited fellow only laughs at such a very absurd idea—"Me jealous! ha! ha! Oh, lord, only fancy *me* jealous!" MABEL, quite down-hearted, steps "down and out," receiving, however, a parting kiss at the door from her husband. WHYMPER looks out after her, with a touch of sadness on his countenance; an expression quickly changed to surprise and anger as he sees a young gentleman enter his garden. At first he thinks the uninvited visitor is after his apples; but soon exclaims, "No, he's after my Eve—my MABEL, I mean." He calls to him, and CAPTAIN CAMERON enters, but with apparent hesitation. In reply to Mr. WHYMPER's interrogatories the CAPTAIN, in a laughing kind of manner, says that he is an old acquaintance of Mrs. WHYMPER'S. Mr. W. is pleased to see him, and makes him quite welcome; and in answer to a remark of the CAPTAIN's that he (WHYMPER) must be a very happy man, the husband confidentially informs his guest that although MABEL (his wife) is in every way a pretty and estimable woman, yet that he has grown tired of matrimonial bliss, and longs for his lost bachelor pleasures. CAPTAIN CAMERON expresses great surprise at hearing him say he does not love his wife, the more so as he thought he saw him kissing her just as she went out of the window. WHYMPER, taken a little aback at this, says that the person that he kissed was only their little governess. CAPTAIN CAMERON, when he tells WHYMPER that George (MABEL's brother) has left his regiment because he has shot a fellow-officer in a duel, is so much chagrined at hearing WHYMPER's denunciations of duelling, that he fears to tell him that *he* is the brother George. WHYMPER makes the supposed friend of his wife quite welcome, and bids him amuse that lady while he starts for a little "outing," but before he leaves the lady comes in, and rushes into CAPTAIN CAMERON'S arms, to the surprise of her husband. The brother excuses this act by saying that the lady has fallen into his embrace as she has turned her ankle. WHYMPER says, in his pet phrase, "That's all right," and clears out as quickly as possible. Then CAMERON explains all to his loving sister. He fears he is pursued by officers, and has no means to continue his flight. She then proposes giving him some jewels and money. Meanwhile, during her absence to get "the sinews of war," CAMERON goes into the garden. WHYMPER enters, and begins sarcastically to twit his wife upon her easy familiarity with their visitor. To his great surprise the lady tells him very coolly that she greatly admires the handsome and gentlemanly stranger. This is too much for WHYMPER, and he tells MABEL that he now sees that he was entirely wrong in his views of the matrimonial duties, etc., and that he cannot bear that any one should flirt with her, however innocently. But the lady only laughs at him, telling him that she has become indoctrinated with *his* ideas, and intends doing considerable of the "mild flirtation" business in the future. WHYMPER then falls into the tragic vein, and *commands* his wife to order CAMERON to leave the

house; but the lady improves upon his cue, and informs him that the gentleman shall stay as long as he pleases. WHYMPER is struck dumb with amazement, and rushes from the room. The next instant CAMERON enters, and MABEL hurriedly gives him money and jewels, kisses, and hurries him off, remarking, with a laugh, that her husband is horribly jealous. WHYMPER, meanwhile, is slyly peering into the window. As CAMERON, however, hastens to the garden door he is confronted by the infuriated husband, who pours out upon him a whole vocabulary of denunciation, and winds up by telling him that he means to kill him. CAMERON tries to entice him by saying that it was the "little governess" he was so free with; but all in vain, for WHYMPER produces pistols, and urges CAMERON to fight a duel. But at this moment MABEL rushes between them. Before an explanation can be given a knocking is heard at the door, and the police officer, MOLEYE, appears, with a warrant for the arrest of CAPTAIN CAMERON. Seeing no other way to gain a little time, the CAPTAIN, apparently with reluctance, points out WHYMPER as the duellist—at which WHYMPER grows furious, and of course denies that he is the criminal. The policeman astutely reasons that surely the lady will know her own husband. At a hint from CAMERON she says that *he* is her husband, to the amazement of poor WHYMPER. As the officer is about to put the steel bracelets on the astonished husband, another police officer suddenly appears, and hands to MOLEYE a telegram. It is an order to the latter not to execute the warrant of arrest, as Major C— was not killed in the duel, and is recovering rapidly from the wound that he had received. Then follows a most amusing clearing up of misconceptions and mistakes; WHYMPER acknowledging that "we never know the value of a thing till we've lost it," and his wife remarking "that his eyes are opened to the fact that all are friends here, and that he himself alone is 'His Own Enemy.'"

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.	Left.
L. C.	Left Centre.
L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance (wherever this Scene may be.)
	D. R. C. Door Left Centre.

C.	Centre.
R.	Right.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.

HIS OWN ENEMY.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in Mr. WHYMPER's house, handsomely furnished, opening at back on garden. WHYMPER discovered in easy chair reading the newspaper. Breakfast is laid on table.*

WHYMPER. Nothing in the confounded papers, as usual! (*glancing over different papers*) 'Pon my word I believe (like everything else) the further they get from town the stupider they are. I positively can't wade through them. "The Globe" is flat, "The Times" is out of joint, and "The Echo" don't answer at all. Heigho! (*yawning*) The fact is, this infernal country is killing me by inches—*inches*. I've at least a foot in the grave already. "Mysteriously disappeared"—"masses of golden hair,"—"small-shaped head,"—"almond-shaped eyes." What luck some men do have, to be sure. There's that Mr. Paddington Green now, always running after some pretty girl or another, and, damme, he gets paid for doing it! Wonder if he wants a partner. (*reads*)—"Wanted, a really intelligent young man, *unmarried*." There's a shilling clean thrown away there anyhow. A really intelligent young man *would* be unmarried as a matter of course. *Cele va sans dire.* (*throws away paper again*) Ah! marriage, marriage! that chain we forge and rivet for ourselves so strongly, is at the bottom of half the misery in this most miserable world. The only thing in *life* there's no getting over—or round—is a wife. Not that I've a word to say against my wife *as a wife*. I mean *except* as a wife. Far from it; she's charming in every respect—perfectly charming—but the fact is, I am not fit for married life. I never was intended to be any one's intended. Was cut out to be—cut out; and yet here we are, tied hand and foot together till death do us part, which won't be for the next fifty years in all probability. We're both so *disgustingly* healthy. Not that I have one word to say against Mabel. Poor child! It is entirely my own fault. She is worthy of a much better man than I am (I only wish she had got him, that's all). I pine for liberty, fraternity, Bohemianism! I weary of a life of forced respectability. I weary of the monotony of my existence. And then Mabel is so confoundedly fond of me; that's the most surprising—I mean annoying part of it. She's miserable if I'm not perpetually with her. Always wants you to be staring at the moon, or reading "Locksley Hall," or some such midsummer madness. And we've been married for months! Flesh and blood won't stand it. Fool! fool! that I was. Why, oh why, did I marry? I swear it wasn't her money. I'd give double to be single again. It seems deuced hard, too, that a fellow should be chained to a girl—sort of a galley slave, ha, ha! —all his life when she don't suit him a bit. Why can't he send her back to her mother as a misfit? Oh, we want some radical reformation in the matrimonial market. Why can't we take a wife as we do a house—on lease—seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years? Very few women

would get beyond the seven, I fancy. I wonder what on earth makes men marry? Upon my honor, I believe it's curiosity—sheer curiosity. Fatal curiosity! by indulging in which (like the celebrated Mrs. Bluebeards of old) we end by losing our heads altogether. Yes, if we *will* rush in where angels fear to tread, and get married, we must take the consequence. If we persist in choosing a wife through the eyes, we must not be surprised if we have to pay for our folly through the nose. Love's young dream may be very sweet; but oh! the bitterness of the a-wakening. The bitterness of a rib that don't fit you. The bitterness of having a skeleton in your cupboard who won't even keep there, but insists upon pervading the whole house. If I were only a bachelor once more, I should be the happiest being in creation.

Enter MABEL. She steals up behind his chair without his hearing her.

MABEL. The happiest being in creation! That's *me*. Good boy, to be always thinking of his wee wifie. (*kisses him.*)

WHYM. I do wish, Mabel, you wouldn't startle a fellow so. You made me jump out of my shoes.

MAB. There'd be plenty of people ready to fill them, dear, if you did—with so *charming* a wife, eh? How cross you are this morning. What's the matter?

WHYM. Cross! Not at all. I'm depressed in spirits by the gloom of this infernal place, that's all.

MAB. Don't you like the country, then, dearest?

WHYM. I *hate* it!

MAB. Oh, Fred! It seems positively wicked to speak so of such a lovely spot—this dear, picturesque old house, so full of associations—

FRED. And of rats.

MAB. With clematis running over it—

FRED. And a cesspool underneath.

MAB. Why, you discontented animal! (*pinching his ear playfully.*)

FRED. Not animal, Mabel. I am undeserving the appellation; say vegetable. I grow, I don't live. I am a sensitive plant, my dear, and I fear I shall get quite seedy if I'm not transplanted very soon.

MAB. Silly boy! You don't understand how to enjoy a country life. Early to bed—

FRED (*hastily*). There's nothing I hate so much as going to bed.

MAB. Except getting up again, love.

FRED. Getting up! Why, in London I'm always up at cock-crow. (*aside*) Never turn in till the beggar's done.

MAB. Why don't you occupy yourself—take up some pursuit?

FRED. There's nothing to pursue but "the even tenor of my way."

MAB. Why not hunt—for instance.

FRED. Nothing to hunt—but my slipper. No getting near the hounds in this out of the way hole.

MAB. (*quickly*). But it would be just as difficult to go to the dogs in London.

FRED. Oh, no, it wouldn't though.

MAB. Why not try and kill something?

FRED. So I do—Time—and can never manage it.

MAB. Farm, then?

FRED. There's only one sort of farming pays now-a-days.

MAB. Sheep?

FRED. No; baby.

MAB. Pshaw! don't be childish. Why, where *would* you be, you aggravating toad, you?

FRED. Not under a harrow, my dear ; somewhere where that interesting implement of agriculture is unknown.

MAB. Ah, my love ! you have no sentiment—no poetry. “A primrose at the river’s brim, a yellow primrose is to” you, “and nothing more.”

FRED. What more should it be, unless it’s a double one ? What’s the good of talking of living in the country, when I tell you I’m dying for town ?

MAB. I have no patience with you, you silly boy ! Tell me, have you finished your breakfast, or luncheon, or whatever you choose to call this disgracefully late meal ?

FRED (*pushing back chair*). Long ago. Why ?

MAB. That’s charming, because I want you to come with me to c on old Mrs. Hornblower.

FRED. Oh, bother !

MAB. Don’t say that, pet. You know you went to her ball the oth night—at least you were asked ; and I’m sure, if there’s a good, dea kind, vulgar old soul living, it’s old Mrs. Horn—

FRED. Blow her ! Besides, now I remember, I’ve—I’ve *not* done (*aside*) and I’m not to *be* done either. (*he pulls his chair round to table an cuts vivaciously.*)

MAB. Very well, dearest, don’t hurry.

FRED. I *sha’nt*.

MAB. I’ll wait for you—oh, but I will, cheerfully. I shall *like* it. It is so “triste” driving about alone.

FRED (*aside*). Hang it ! (*aloud*) No, no, don’t wait. I—I—the fact is, I am not quite the thing this morning.

MAB. My own one ! And I have been pressing you to go out. How selfish of me ! You shall lie on the sofa at once—oh, but I *insist*—and I’ll bathe your head the live long day with Eau-de-Cologne.

FRED (*aside*). Cheerful ! (*aloud*) No, no ! It’s not the head ; it’s the —the liver, and you can’t touch that with Eau-de-Cologne, (*aside*) thank goodness !

Enter SERVANT.

Harris, remove these things ! (*after he has done so. Aloud*) Now, my dear Mabel, I want to have a little serious talk with you ; sit down a minute.

MAB. Now you are angry with me, dearest. Oh, what *have* I done ? (*advancing lovingly towards him.*)

FRED (*motioning her back*). No, no. I am *not* angry ! sit still.

MAB. (*still advancing*). Oh, but I’m sure you’re angry with your wee wifie—*very* angry.

FRED. No ; I’m *not*.

MAB. Oh, yes, you’re *very, very* angry.

FRED. Damn it all, I say I’m *not* angry ! Nothing makes me *so* angry as to be called angry when I’m *not* angry, and you know it. I believe you do it on purpose. Now, hold your tongue do, and listen to me. You see, Mabel, we are no longer in our honeymoon. We’ve been married a deuce of a time !

MAB. Oh, Fred !

FRED. You know what I mean. (*aside*) It’s been a deuce of a time since we married, at all events ! (*aloud*) It’s really high time we gave up all that spoony houseuse of being all in all to each other, and so on. Do you understand ?

MAB. (*with a sigh*). Perfectly.

FRED. You can't expect me to be always tied to your petticoat strings, you know.

MAB. Why, you vulgar, unfeeling—

FRED. Hallo! Go it—pitch in—never mind me—my back's broad enough.

MAB. So are your *jokes*!

FRED. Eh? Good thing, too. Now-a-days they make their jokes so fine that I'll be hanged if you know 'em when you meet 'em. The fact is, my dear girl—

MAB. Don't call me your dear girl.

FRED. Well, I won't then. We are the laughing-stock of the whole country-side. It's deuced gravelling for a man to spend all his mornings in his wife's lap—like a pug-dog, by Jove!—and to be taken out shopping all the afternoon, as a sort of *counter-irritation*, I suppose—ha, ha! You can't *move* without me.

MAB. What a *story*! Did I not go to Mrs. Hornblower's ball alone? while you went to that horrid Colonel Jiggers and played billiards, and came home reeking of smoke, so that I dreamed I was a martyr at the stake all the night long; only, instead of fagots, thy were burning tobacco.

FRED. Well, my dear, all I can say is, I hope you had a pleasant party.

MAB. No, we *didn't*. There, you lost nothing by going to Colonel Jiggers, I can tell you.

FRED (aside). I can tell you I *did* though—fifteen pounds ten at pool—worse luck. (aloud) Well, my dear, I'm glad you take this so sensibly.

MAB. I don't! (turning quickly round on him.)

FRED. Well, well—so insensiblly, then! It is impossible for us to go on all our lives billing and cooing like a pair of love-birds in a cage; do you see?

MAB. I see. You no longer love me.

FRED. My dear Mabel, pray—*pray* never let me hear you make use of that—that Jenny and Jessamy expression again. Ugh! (shudders.)

MAB. May I ask what you refer to?

FRED. Love! Ugh! there's no such word known in decent society; it's entirely eliminated from the English language—*west* of Regent Circus, I mean. Love! bah! Your butcher, and baker, and candlestick-maker love their wives, I've no doubt; but people moving in *our* set—never! It's shocking bad “*ton*,” I assure you.

MAB. And yet I thought I remembered it was used in the marriage service, too.

FRED. The marriage service! Ah, very probably! But, my dear Mabel, *that's* quite out of date, you see. Indeed, if the present Government stay in, I've no doubt whatever they'll disestablish it along with the Church, and have done with it.

MAB. And so, listen to me, please; but, there, you think more of your appetite than you do of *me*.

FRED. My dear, Nature abhors a vacuum. (eating eagerly) Now, look here, Mabel, everything must have an end, even a spoon. You can't expect a fellow to bury himself alive here, with no one to speak to but his own wife? Why don't you have a pretty girl, now and then, down to stay with you?

MAB. I should like to see a pretty girl in this house!

FRED. So should *I*, uncommonly.

MAB. (after a few steps up and down the room). And pray, sir, don't you call *me* a pretty girl?

FRED. Well, really, my dear, I—. Ha! ha! Such a very extraordi-

nary—. You are passable—quite passable; good eyes, if they were both the same color; pretty-colored hair, what there is of it; and not a bad nose, if it didn't turn up quite so much.

MAB. My nose! What a shame! it's pure Grecian. But you men are always raving about a straight tip! Go on, sir! make me downright ugly, if you can.

FRED. My dear Mabel, not at all; I only want to disabuse your mind.

MAB. By abusing my person; oh, I see (*walking up and down*) I see! You are tired of me. I cloy upon you. You hate—you loathe me! Great Heavens! what shall I do—what shall I do? Oh, mother, mother! I am alone in the world! in this cruel, hard, wicked world! Take me to your arms again! Let me die—let me die! (*sobbing bitterly*.)

FRED (*aside*). Damn it! that's always the way. She opens the snices and off go all my arguments, washed away by the flood. (*aloud*) No; but, Mabel, my dear Mabel, my own one, listen to me! I lo—hem! like you more than ever—far, far more. A mad, but evanescent idolatry has given place to a regard which is eternal, because based upon respect. (*aside*) That's neat! (*aloud*) You—you, too, dear one, would be far happier, believe me, if you would mix more with—ahem!—the male of your species, other than your unworthy spouse!

MAB. What! Do I understand you to desire me—me, *your wife*, to court, to accept—I cannot demean my lips to speak the words. For shame, sir! for shame!

FRED. No, no, my dear child; you rush at your fences—I mean, conclusions, so! Far be it from me to—to—and so on. But a little mild flirtation with a really gentlemanly young fellow—just "*pour passer le temps*," you know—is quite "*de rigueur*" in the fashionable world, I assure you—quite.

MAB. (*aside*). Oh, Fred! Fred! (*aloud*) I see; and you—you wouldn't mind?

FRED. Mind? My dear child—

MAB. You wouldn't be jealous of me? The least little tiny bit in the world jealous—come? (*watching him closely*.)

FRED. Jealous? Me jealous! Ha! ha! Oh, Lord! only fancy *me* jealous!

MAB. But I forgot; perhaps it's "*de rigueur*" also in your fashionable world, for the husband to have his "*pastimes*" too?

FRED. Well—aw! not positively "*de rigueur*," my dear; but still, I believe, it is sometimes done.

MAB. (*slowly, and meditatively*). I see! I see! But this new world you describe is so strange to me. Husbands do not love their wives, and wives do not honor their husbands.

FRED. They honor their husband's *cheeks*, though, remember; ha! ha! My dear child, I am a man of the world, and may be trusted in this, if in nothing else. Depend upon it, a married couple are much happier if they meet now and then—say once a day at the dinner-table—than when they are as inseparable as—as—Erckmann-Chatrian or the Siamese Twins. I am so glad we have had this little chat together. Now we quite understand each other, don't we? Run into the garden and gather some roses for me and for yourself; you look quite pale. *Au revoir!* (*kisses her as she passes slowly out of the French window, c.*) Poor child! it was a bitter pill for her! but she swallowed it better than I expected. Well, it's for her own good in the long run. (*walking to window*) Halloo! what's that? By Jove! a swell in my garden—a serpent in my paradise. I wonder whether he's after my apples? No; he's after my Eve—my Mabel, I mean. Yes; he follows her towards the

summer-house. (*calling out*) Halloa ! Hi ! You, sir ! Just step this way, will you ?

Enter CAPTAIN CAMERON, through window. He stands on the step and appears to hesitate.

CAPTAIN. I beg ten thousand pardons ; I believe I've made a mistake.

FRED (*eyeing him*). I believe you *have*.

CAPT. Somehow or other I missed my way, and was trying to get on —

FRED. By the back stair-case—just so.

CAPT. Mr. Whymper, I presume.

FRED. Sir, your presumption is well—founded.

CAPT. I have not had the honor of—but your wife, Mrs. Whymper, is an old acquaintance of mine ! (*aside*) This is deuced awkward—deuced.

FRED. Ah, indeed ! (*aside*) just the very fellow. (*aloud*) My dear sir, delighted to see you ; delighted ! Any friend of my wife's ! What will you take to drink ? Nothing ! Oh, nonsense ; any friend of my wife's *must* drink as a matter of course. You won't ? Well, sit down ; sit down. (*they sit*) And how *are* you ? Quite well ? That's all right. Stopping in the neighborhood ? That's all right. Hunting ? That's all right. By the way, I didn't *quite* catch your name.

CAPT. Douglas—Captain Douglas, 100th Foot. “The Black Borderers.”

FRED. The 100th Foot. Why, by gad ! that's my wife's brother's regiment. My dear fellow, sit down. Oh, you are sitting down. Welcome to (what the devil's she call the place ?) You are almost one of the family. Eh ? Now you'll take something to drink ? Not ? Just as you like. Liberty Hail, you know ; (*aside*) wish it *was*. I'd take the liberty to *hand* it down, beastly old crib. (*aloud*) Well, and—dear me, this *is* a coincidence. How is—(*aside*) I forgot his confounded name, (*aloud*) her brother ?

CAPT. He's very well.

FRED. Come ; *that's* all right.

CAPT. At least, he's *been* very well, but—

FRED. Ah, well ! a man can't well expect to be *always* well, you know ?

CAPT. The fact is, he's had a row with the Major.

FRED. A row with the Major ? Incredible !

CAPT. Fact, I assure you ; and—he's a devil of a temper, you know, when he's roused.

FRED. Ah, it runs in the family ; so has his sister.

CAPT. Very soon gets his shirt out, you know.

FRED. Ah, so does his—just so.

CAPT. And it ended in a duel at Boulogne. Cameron shot his man through the body and killed him dead.

FRED. What ! A duel—killed his man dead—the outrageous young ruffian ! The unprincipled, cold-blooded, murdering blackguard ! (*to CAPTAIN, who rises indignantly*) don't speak to me, sir ; don't speak to me. I say it's lucky for the young profligate he's given me a wide berth, or as sure as my name's in the Commission of the Peace it would be war between us. I tell you, sir, I'd hand him over to justice with my own hands. A young bloodthirsty reprobate !

CAPT. Allow me, sir, for the credit of the regiment—

FRED. The regiment's *got* no credit, and don't deserve any.

CAPT. Great provocation.

FRED. Great fiddlesticks ! I tell you, sir, a duel is a thing I hold in

utter and complete abhorrence; and as for this young vagabond, I say deliberately he is not only a scoundrel, but a coward—a rank and contemptible coward! Bah! when I think of it, I feel a regular brute—Brutus, I mean. (*paces stage*.)

CAPT. (*aside*). Lucky I took my soundings before casting anchor, by George. There's nothing for it now but to see Mabel once more, and then—

FRED. Duel, indeed! For my part, I'd rather be garotted at once and have done with it. If there's less honor, there's less danger. Duel! no wonder you're called the "Black Borderers," if you coolly throw whole families into mourning in this off-hand manner. Well, well; let us change the subject, it's a painful one to both of us. Poor Mabel! It will be a terrible blow to *her*. She is foolish enough to doat on this young scapegrace. Well, well; and so, Captain, you're on furlough, eh? Why not come and hang out here?

CAPT. (*aside*). What I'm afraid of is, that I shall hang out *there*!

FRED. Not bad quarters, though I say it that shouldn't. Plenty to eat, drink, and smoke; and nothing to do. Might fancy yourself in a garrison town, you know. Bridge quite handy, too, for you to loll over. What do you say?

CAPT. 'Pon my soul, it's very kind of you—very; but—

FRED. Oh, nonsense! come and stop a month.

CAPT. (*aside*). I wouldn't stop a minute, if I could help it. (*aloud*) But, my dear sir, your wife—won't *she* object?

FRED. Object! But you don't know her. The fact is, my dear fellow (between ourselves, you know), we are rapidly becoming mutually bored to death, and *anyone* would be acceptable now, just for a change. Bless you, she'd welcome you with open arms. You see—(you're *sure* you won't take anything to drink?)—I was—I don't mind confessing it to you—fast, devilish fast, before I married—oh! a sad dog, I assure you—and now that the gloss of the thing has worn off, I long for my old vagabond life. Not that I mean to say a word against Mabel.

CAPT. (*aside*). You'd better not. Poor child! So soon too.

FRED. A good man struggling with respectability is a sight for the Gods. Only fancy *me—me*, of all the world—a householder, with a vote for the county, and the privilege of paying Income Tax! Now, as I've no mind to spend the rest of my life like Sterne's starling, crying "let me out—let me out!" I've determined to accustom her at once to my frequent—I mean occasional—absences; and, as a first step, I must provide her with something to occupy her mind. You are the very thing. Oh, no mock modesty! I saw it at the first glance, with half an eye. Young, handsome, and a soldier. (By-the-by, you haven't got your livery—pshaw! I mean your regimentals—with you, I suppose? No matter; but a woman's as bad as a bull after a bit of red rag. Well, it can't be helped.) Stay with us like a good fellow, and entertain my wife. You'll find her a most charming woman, I assure you; oh, *most* charming in every respect.

CAPT. (*aside*). I shall have to kick this fellow down his own stairs directly. (*aloud*) And yet you seem deaf to the charmer, charm she never so wisely.

FRED. Who—I? My dear fellow, I do assure you I am such a racketty, dissolute, disreputable scamp that I *can't*, for the life of me, admire my own wife. I own it with shame and contrition. If she were my neighbor's wife, now, I should admire her prodigiously.

CAPT. And yet, Mr.—aw—Whymper, notwithstanding all you say, I was an involuntary witness of a most touching and tender parting just now, on that very spot, (*pointing up*) between yourself and a lady whom

I presume to be your wife. Ha! ha! Come, come; you're not so black as you paint yourself.

FRED. Eh? What? I? (aside) The Paul Pry. Confound him! (aloud) Oh—ha! ha! ha! No! what a ridiculous mistake—but not a word of this, mind—ha! ha! No, that was a little ha! ha!—a little governess—he! he! Pretty, plump little body enough, whom I sometimes chuck under the chin, or give a kiss to—ha! ha! ha! And you took her for my wife? (aside) He couldn't have seen her face!

CAPT. I did, I confess. (aside) The fellow's a humbug, a rank humbug! Poor child! poor Mabel (aloud) I was not aware you had any family, Mr. aw—Whymper.

FRED. Family? Hang it, man, we've not been married six months yet.

CAPT. Then pray may I ask what "the governess" does? (aside) Had him there.

FRED. Does? Washes the dogs, and teaches them to sit up. (aside) Too many for him—by odds. (aloud) Here comes my wife up the garden, I'll introduce you. Pshaw, I forgot you have met before.

CAPT. No! but really I can't think—

FRED. Of course you can't. You're an officer and a gentleman. My dear, (to MABEL, who enters at the moment) an unexpected pleasure for you—

MAB. (with a scream) Douglas! (is about to rush to him.)

FRED (astonished). Hallo!

CAPT. (hastily stepping up to her). My dear madam, I hope you have not hurt yourself. (aside, with vehemence) Not a word, not a look of recognition or I am—lost!

MAB. (aside, to him). Good Heavens! What has happened? (DOUGLAS puts out his hand to support her.)

FRED. What the deuce! Is she mad?

CAPT. (to WHYMPER). Most unfortunate—Mrs. Whymper in running up the—aw—steps—slipped, and her—aw—ankle's turned.

FRED. Her ankle! I thought it was her head! Are you better? That's all right. Captain Douglas and you are old friends, he tells me—eh?

MAB. Yes; I mean—no—that is, yes.

FRED. That's all right. And now, as I have a very pressing engagement, I will take the liberty of running away.

CAPT. No, but—I say—really—you know—(following FRED.)

FRED (aside to him). Nonsense—nonsense, man. Just chat to her, and keep her amused for half an hour, like a real good fellow—that's all. (pushes him playfully towards MABEL—aside) I think I'll just pop across to old Jiggers, and see if I can't get back that same fifteen pounds ten. (looking back at MABEL and the CAPTAIN) Red upon white! Green's your player in hand. [Exit.

MAB. (rushing up to DOUGLAS). And now, darling, what is the meaning of all this? How came you here? I thought you were in Ireland. And why all this mystery and concealment?

CAPT. (kissing her). Fact is, Mabel, I'm in a mess.

MAB. And always have been, ever since you made dirt pies in the gutter. (expressing him as she speaks.)

CAPT. Ah, but this is serious, I can tell you; terribly serious, Mabel. I have killed a man.

MAB. Is that all? I thought soldiers were always doing that, the wretches.

CAPT. Ah, in the field of battle, but this was—(sinking his voice) in a

duel. I tell you, I am an outcast, a murderer in the eye of the law, and am even now flying from the officers of justice.

MAB. An outcast! A mur—Oh, no—Douglas, Douglas! it is too horrible. How came you to be so mad?

CAPT. I was driven to it. Major Chislehurst, of ours, has for months past followed me with the most settled malignity (we had a row about a racing bet to begin with), and done his utmost to blacken my character in the regiment. At last he seemed half-maddened by rage, and one evening, before a dozen men or more, he struck me.

MAB. Struck you! And what did *you* do?

CAPT. I? I let out straight from the shoulder and down he went like a ninepin. He was no good to me at all.

MAB. That was right, that was, my own Douglas, "tender and true," but terrible in revenge. When did a Cameron submit to an insult? Well, well, go on.

CAPT. (*shrugging his shoulders*). Well, of course there was the usual challenge, which I could not choose but accept. We met at Boulogne, and at the first exchange he fell dead, (*shudders*) shot through the body. Do not blame me too much, Mabel, or it will break my heart.

MAB. I do not blame you, my darling, my own one; you were powerless, and "a Cameron never can yield;" but it is horrible, most horrible. And your commission?

CAPT. Gone.

MAB. And your hopes of promotion?

CAPT. Gone also. Unless Jack Ketch promotes me a step higher. Ha! ha!

MAB. Oh, pray, *pray* don't laugh. Then your life, your very life hangs by a thread.

CAPT. I expect it will hang by a *cord* before long. Ha! ha!

MAB. Douglas, for Heaven's sake!—But why not tell Fred? Why this mummerie and deceit?

CAPT. I felt my ground, and found him inexorably set against duelling. No, it would never do. I drew him, and found he'd *draw* me, and hang and quarter me into the bargain.

MAB. Ah! I forgot. It's surprising, since he's been a magistrate, how inveterate he is against any breach of law—by other people! No, you are right, it would never do. But why did you come here at all?

CAPT. Well, you see, the fact is, I haven't a quid about me.

MAB. A very good thing, too; smoking's bad enough, but—

CAPT. Nonsense—I mean I haven't a penny. I *must* have some money, then I can make my way across country to Liverpool, and sail for some foreign part, no matter where. The bloodhounds were after me pretty close in London, but I *think* I gave them the slip; luckily they can't know me by sight yet. So last night I got safely to the "Red Lion" in a smock-frock and a wide-awake (characteristic hat for me to wear just now, by Jove!) and this morning I sneaked on here. Let me have what money you can, you old darling you, and I'll be off.

MAB. Unfortunate; I have hardly any money by me, and I dare not ask Fred. I have it—my jewels; you can sell them, or pledge them; what you will. Oh, my darling, my darling! it were better not to have met at all, than to meet with such a cloud hanging over us.

CAPT. But, Queen Mab! you dear, good, unselfish old thing you, I can't think of robbing you of all your finery.

MAB. Oh, Douglas, don't talk so! You know I would give all I have in the world to save you one moment's pain. Stay here; Douglas, for the first time in my life I thank Heaven our mother is not here. Her

boy, her idol, a fugitive and a felon ! It would have broken her heart. (*she kisses him.*)

CAPT. Dear old Mabel ! The truest-hearted, bravest girl that ever breathed. You are too good for this milk-and-water whining husband of yours. (*aside*) Who would be a knave, if he wasn't a fool ?

MAB. Not a word against Fred ; I won't listen to it, mind.

CAPT. Somehow or other, women always *are* too good for us, or too bad. That's the worst of your sex. You have no happy medium ; you are either an angel or—Your husband ! I'll slip across to the garden-gate while you are gone, and, like a prudent general, secure a safe retreat.

[*Exit into garden.*]

Enter WHYMPER, at door.

MAB. Aha—

FRED (*with forced calmness*). Aha ! (*aside*) Does she take me for an oaf ? A boor ?

MAB. Here we are again.

FRED (*aside*). Or a clown ? (*aloud*) Alone ? Why, where is the gallant Captain ?

MAB. Drawn off to repair damages.

FRED (*aside*). Damages ! I thank thee for that word ! (*aloud*) And how did he get on, eh ? Swimmingly ?

MAB. No ; he ran himself aground in no time. The fact is, the Captain's so painfully shy always.

FRED. Always ? he don't *fight* shy, does he ?

MAB. I suspect he's a much better hand at killing *men* than *ladies*, poor fellow. After all, he is but a rough, uncouth man-at-arms.

FRED (*aside*). He was not a man-at-arm's *length* just now, at all events.

MAB. Still, he's delightful, as far as he goes.

FRED (*aside*). Hang it ; I'm sure he goes far enough.

MAB. And he has promised me his photograph ; isn't that nice of him ?

FRED. You *know*, Mabel, how strongly I object to your receiving presents from comparative strangers.

MAB. But, Fred, this is a *superlative* stranger.

FRED (*aside*). Ah, you hypocrite ! (*aloud, with attempted nonchalance*) He, he ! A truce, pray, to this deceit.

MAB. Did you say *deceit*, sir ?

FRED (*loudly*). I said *deceit*, madam. Listen, madam, and tremble ! (*she breaks out laughing*) I—I, madam—was a witness of—of all that passed when you parted just now from that—that *scoundrel*.

MAB. So, sir, you did us the honor of watching us through the key-hole ? Of spying upon us ?

FRED (*hastily*). The *only* way to find a woman out since the world began. I'll be bound Adam himself was giving to eaves-dropping ; nevertheless, as it happens, you are wrong. I came into the room as usual, through the door ; but you were too much wrapt up in one another to notice me ; and there I found this villain—this low, undermining villain—pressing his caresses upon you, under your very nose—I mean *my* very nose. (*walks stage.*)

MAB. And pray, what did you see ?

FRED. I saw him kiss you. Yes, kiss you, madam.

MAB. Lor' ! Was *that* all ?

FRED. No, madam, it was *not*, for I saw you kiss him in return.

MAB. Well, my dear, you see, knowing how strongly you object to my receiving presents from strangers, I thought it better to give them all back. Ha ! ha ! Besides, I only obeyed your orders to the letter.

FRED. Pshaw! You mistook the direction! how could I imagine he would try and jump down your throat in that indelicate manner.

MAB. I like him, he is *so* handsome.

FRED. "Handsome is what handsome does."

MAB. But I like what he does, too, Fred. Oh! he is lovely! His nose is perfect.

FRED. Oh blow! his nose!

MAB. And then his beautiful, long, silky hair. (*clasping her hands enthusiastically*) And his eyes.

FRED (*savagely*). I declare, Mabel—(*walking up and down*) you would provoke a saint.

MAB. If ever you are canonized, it will be as St. Vitus the Second. Ha! ha! ha!

FRED. I want a little serious—

MAB. (*interrupting him*). No more sermons, sir, if you please.

FRED. Surely, surely, you do not object to exchange ideas—

MAB. (*interrupting*). But I do most decidedly. You would have too much the best of the bargain.

FRED (*forcing himself to be calm*). Mabel, I have been turning over this question—

MAB. Then perhaps you can now look on the other side of it.

FRED (*not heeding her*). And I see you were right.

MAB. I always *am*.

FRED. And I was wrong.

MAB. You always *are*.

FRED. That I cannot *bear* that any one should approach you with their attentions, however innocently.

MAB. (*aside*). Poor boy!—but he must learn his lesson first and have his sugar-plum afterwards.

FRED. I therefore, dearest Mabel, desire yon—I mean I beg, I entreat of you to send away this swaggering young coxcomb and to promise me—

MAB. (*interrupting*). It is too late.

FRED. Too late? (*starting back*.)

MAB. Too late. I am a tiger who has tasted human blood. Why did you not leave me in my ignorance of men, happy and contented with my fowls, and my pigeons, and my ducks? Now I am a man-eater, and I feel I shall prey upon the sex for the rest of my life.

FRED. Mabel, how can you torture me! how can you trifle with me so cruelly? You know how I *love* you.

MAB. (*lifting up her hands in horror*). Ah! Never let me hear you utter that Jenny and Jessamy word again! Love! I assure you it's shocking bad "ton." Ha! ha! ha!

FRED (*angrily*). Since you meet me with nothing but taunts and sneers, madam, I will plead no longer! I will now *command, command!* do you hear, madam?

MAB. You command me? Better learn to command *yourself*, first. Ha! ha!

FRED. You are a woman, and to you I can say no more, but this presuming puppy, I will have a terrible reckoning; and by the same token, here he comes. Fortune, I thank thee. Now, madam, I must trouble you to retire.

MAB. Too much trouble, I assure you. (*aside*) They will quarrel; I know they will.

FRED (*hastily, glancing at window*). Have the goodness to leave my room. (*attempting to take her hand*.)

MAB. (*drawing back her hand*). Shan't.

FRED (*with forced politeness*). Permit me to escort you.

MAB. Thank you; I prefer your room to your company.

FRED. Oh, very well, madam, very well. If you have any fancy to see the—ha! ha! gentleman kicked out.

MAB. (*aside*). Kicked! Oh, Heavens! (*aloud*) Don't condemn him unheard, at all events. You're not on the Bench now, you know.

FRED. I say he shall go—pack—be off out of my house this very moment, as sure as my name is Whymper! (*walking furiously up and down*.)

MAB. And I say it's my house, not yours; and he shall stop in it as long as he likes; so there. (*WHYMPER gazes at her speechlessly a moment, and then rushes from the room*) Oh, no; I didn't mean that. How unkind; how ungenerous of me? I am a bad, wicked girl, that's what I am.

Enter CAPTAIN CAMERON, at back.

Ha! is all safe?—Then you must not lose a moment. (*running to escritoire and opening drawers*) Here is all the money, every penny I have. Nineteen pounds; and here are my jewels. Quick—take them (*gives jewel-eases and coin to CAPTAIN*) I have chosen all the smallest and best—that is, all he won't miss, and now, my own boy, my darling, good-bye once more. (*kisses him*) Be prudent and cautious, and write to me whenever you can safely do so. Not here. Direct X. Y. Z., at the post office, or my husband may find us out, and he's—what do you think? So horribly jealous. Ha! ha! ha! (*during the above, FRED appears at the window and peers in*.)

CAPT. (*putting money, etc., into his pocket*). Jealous! And of me? Ha! ha! ha! But you don't seem much annoyed either.

MAB. Annoyed! Silly boy; a wife is *never* annoyed at finding her husband jealous, no matter how he rages and storms, *it shows he's still on the hook*; but when he sulks at the bottom, wholly indifferent to the missiles you hurl at his head, however sharp and pointed, then look out, or you'll lose him in a jiffy.

CAPT. Why, Queen Mab, you are a pocket edition of the "Complete Angler," I declare.

MAB. We are forced to be, dear. It's part of our accomplishments. A woman spends one half her life in fishing for a husband, and the other half in wishing she hadn't caught him; but I stand here chattering when—Farewell, farewell!

She kisses him again, and hurries off at door L. CAPTAIN CAMERON goes hastily towards garden door. Just as he reaches it, it opens, and FRED appears standing in the door way. CAPTAIN CAMERON starts back.

CAPT. (*aside*). My old luck. (*aloud*) Ah! back again! Glad to see you. (*making an attempt to pass FRED*.)

FRED (*tragically*). Liar!

CAPT. Eh? (*aside*) Thought so. (*aloud*) Well, ta-ta! I'm just going. (*tries to pass him*.)

FRED (*yet more tragically*). Liar!

CAPT. What d'ye mean? (*aside*) Beggar wants to quarrel.

FRED. I mean what I say. Liar! You are *not* glad to see me, and you are *not* just going.

CAPT. Well, certainly, I can't very well, while you keep that door shut, unless I go out head first. (*imitating a harlequin going to leap through a window*.)

FRED. You are much more likely to go out *feet* first, I can tell you. Villain; cold-blooded, false, double-dyed villain, you are discovered.

CAPT. (*coolly*). This is as good as a play.

FRED. But don't think to escape me. I tell you, dog, you shall pay dearly for this. (*runs round to door and locks it*.)

CAPT. He's drunk.

FRED. Do you think I can't see as well as other people?

CAPT. On the contrary, I think you can see *twice* as well. Ha! ha!

FRED. Let them laugh that win. You will not take back this pretty story of the poor, deluded idiot of a husband, and the pretty, frail, and too complaisant wife, to your barrack companions. You will not rehearse this little domestic drama of Chalkshire life over your mess-room table, I promise you; and shall I tell you *why*?

CAPT. Pray do.

FRED (*deliberately*). Because I mean to *kill you*. (*furiously*) Scoundrel—black-hearted scoundrel, do you think I didn't see you and that shameless woman exchanging your fiendish caresses and blandishments, here under my very roof—*here*, in my very house?

CAPT. (*aside*). I'm in for a row, begad. Shall I make a clean breast of it? (*aloud*) Caresses! Blandishments! Ha! ha! Excuse my laughing; but, my dear fellow—*your wife*—nonsense—that was. Ha! ha!—mind mum's the word—the little governess!

FRED. Little governess!

CAPT. Yes. (*digging him in the ribs*) You know. Plump little body that you sometimes snatch a chuck from or kiss under the chin—ha! ha! what a ridiculous mistake, to be sure.

FRED. Pshaw! Talk not to me of little governesses. Do you think a husband doesn't know his own wife?

CAPT. Very rarely, I should say. (*aside*) No go.

FRED. Do you think I didn't see *her*—God help me—showering her trinkets and gold into your lap, like—like Jupiter and Danaë in leap year?—but *your triumph* shall be a short-lived one. A Nemesis is at hand.

CAPT. A what? (*aside*) Is that Chalkshire for a policeman, I wonder?

FRED. A retribution, terrible as it is just. (*produces case*) These pistols are both loaded, take which you will and we will fire across this table.

CAPT. Well, but—hang it!

FRED. Not a word! Take one! Quick! quick!

CAPT. And pray what's become of your unconquerable aversion to a duel?

FRED. This is no duel, it is an execution! What, do you hesitate? False, treacherous, hollow, I ~~know~~ you to be, but I had yet to learn you were a *coward*.

CAPT. (*annoyed*). Be it so, then. (*takes pistol without rising. Aside*) I wish he were any one else's husband; damme, I'd shoot him like a bird, and make up the brace.

FRED. Now, sir, are you ready? In deference to your "honorable" profession I depute to you the word of command. What, you won't? Then *I* will. I shall count three. Mark you—one, two, three, and at the word *three* we fire. (*furiously to CAPTAIN, who still lounges in his chair*) Stand up and face me like a man, or, by the Lord, I'll shoot you like a dog. (*CAPTAIN, c., tosses his pistol on the table unobserved by FRED and rises, calmly facing him. FRED, hoarsely, with suppressed rage*) "One," (*MABEL's face appears at the garden window, peering in*) "two," (*MABEL tries to open door, and finding it locked, dashes her hand through the glass and draws back the bolt. She rushes down between them*) Mabel! (*MABEL goes up to CAPTAIN CAMERON and addresses him angrily, aside*) It is for him she fears. It is *his* life she would save even with her own. I wish I were dead! (*he sinks into chair, and hides his face in his hand.*)

MAB. (*aside, to CAPTAIN*). And did you *dare* to lift your hand against my husband?

CAPT. Not a bit of it. Look, there lies the pistol.

MAB. Then—then you were going to stand and be shot at unarmed, like a—Cameron?

CAPT. Lor' bless you, it's a crown to a cabbage he missed me. He couldn't hit a hay-stack. Look, he is all of a shake.

MAB. So he is, my poor darling; this has gone too far. Not another moment (*pushing CAPTAIN CAMERON towards door*) or you will ruin us both. (*just as they reach door, a loud knocking is heard at it. They stand motionless.*)

MAB. What's that?

CAPT. Too late, too late! I am lost!

MAB. Not so, darling, there is yet a chance. Through the garden, quick, quick! (*she hurries him to the garden door, and is about to throw it open, when GROPER appears outside, calmly chewing a straw. MABEL pulls CAPTAIN CAMERON back with a scream of despair.*)

CAPT. Trapped, by all that's damnable! (*knocking is still continued at room door*) Mabel, listen to me. There is only one way out of this; it will put him (*indicating FRED*) to half an hour's inconvenience, but it will save my life.

MAB. (*confused*). I don't—I don't understand.

CAPT. Watch me closely and follow my lead. (*he unlocks and opens door.*)

Enter MOLEYE—he glances round the room.

Now, sir, what do you want?

MOLEYE. I want to come in, if it's entirely the same to you, gove'nor. Sorry to intrude upon a family party in this 'ere way, especially when it's so werry private as to necessitate the door a-being locked.

MAB. The door! Oh! we can't bear the draught. (*aside*) Oh, Douglas, Douglas!

MOLEYE. Ah, some people can't. For my part, a good draught's a thing as never comes amiss. (*rubs his lips with his coat cuff.*)

CAPT. And what is your business here, pray?

MOLEYE. Well, yer see, my name's Moleyeye. Mister Moleyeye, Scotland Yard. And I've a warrant here for the arrest of—(*reading from warrant*) one Captain Douglas—

CAPT. (*twitching warrant out of his hands*). Let me look. Yes, all appears to be regular and in due form, and I, as a magistrate of the County, would be the last to throw any impediment in the way of justice. Do your duty, officer.

MOLEYE (*looking from FRED to CAPTAIN CAMERON*). Beg yer pardon, gove'nor, but your name is—

CAPT. (*carelessly*). Whymper; Frederick Whymper.

FRED (*who has raised his head at the last few words for the first time*). What! Scoundrel! (*vehemently*) I tell you, officer, this—this fiend in human shape has robbed me of all I hold dear in life, and now seeks to rob me of my good name. I—I am Frederick Whymper, a justice of the peace for Chalkshire, as I will prove to you in one moment by the testimony of my own servants. (*advances towards bell.*)

MOLEYE (*stopping him*). No you don't. Me and my mate's alone on this 'ere job, and this is a frightful lonely spot. No; I'll tell you a trick worth two of that, young gentleman. It's a wise child as knows its own father, they say—(I never had no father myself, to speak on)—but any fool 'ud know her own husband any day in the week. So now, mum, just speak up, will you, and tell us which of these two gents it is

as you belongs to. (MABEL stands a moment breathless ; but at a glance from CAPTAIN CAMERON, she advances, and takes his arm.)

MAB. This is my husband. (CAPTAIN CAMERON supports her and turns so that MOLEYE cannot see her face) Oh, Fred ! Fred !

CAPT. (aside). My own brave Mab, you have saved me.

MOLEYE (to FRED.) You hear, my lad. Your little game is up.

FRED. Stand back. I tell you it's a lie—a shameful lie. I tell you, officer—

MOLEYE. You take my advice and don't tell me nothing at all, for it's my duty to inform you as anything you say will be took down and used agin you at your trial. Now, look'ee here. What you have got to do is to go quietly along with me ; that's what *you've* got to do. (advancing towards FRED.)

FRED (furiously). Stand back, I say. Lay a finger on me at your peril.

MAB. (aside to CAPTAIN CAMERON). Mercy, mercy, I cannot bear it.

CAPT. (to her). One moment more ; only one moment. (at this moment the garden door opens, and GROPER puts in his head.)

MOLEYE. Just as I was a-wanting yer. Hallo ! What have you got there ?

GROPER. Telegram.

MOLEYE. Where from ?

GROPER. The Yard—for you. (handing telegram.)

MOLEYE. How did it come ?

GROPER. 'Orse-back, fast as it could gallop.

MOLEYE (reading). "Inspector Billson. Do not execute warrant. Come back at once. Major C. not dead—recovering rapidly."

MAB. Not dead ! Thank Heaven !

CAPT. Amen to that, say I.

MOLEYE. Then it seems as you and me, Bill, has gone and been made jackasses of. Hope they'll send some one else next time they've such a jolly fool's errand. Ugh !

FRED. And you've made me get in this temper for nothing ?

MAB. (courteously). I'm sure, Mr.—Ahem ! No one could be better fitted—

CAPT. Exactly. Here, my man, get something to drink ; (gives money) and, hark'ee, not a word of all this in the village. Eh ?

MOLEYE. Thank'ee, gove'nor. Not a syllabub, bless yer. Come along, Bill. Good-day, gents.

CAPT. (pushing them off). Good-day, officer, good-day.

MOLEYE (dodging round him). Good-day, mum.

CAPT. There, there, that will do. Don't you see the lady's indisposed ? Be off with you both. (pushing them off at room door.)

MAB. (rushing to FRED the moment the door is closed on them, and throwing herself at his feet). Fred ! Fred ! now I can tell you all !

FRED (waving her back). Shameless woman, touch me not.

MAB. Fred, dearest husband, don't you see ?—don't you know ? This is Douglas !—Douglas Cameron. My brother !—my own dear, unhappy brother, flying for his very life from the bloodhounds of the law.

CAPT. Yes, old boy, her brother—*your* brother. What do you say to that ?

FRED (in a maze—laughing stupidly). Well, that's all right. I—(angrily) Why did you not tell me ? What the deuce did you mean by sneaking into the house like that ?

CAPT. I meant to tell you ; but I found you so violently opposed to duelling—in theory. In practice you're a regular fire-eater, by Jove ! —won't be denied, eh ?—ha ! ha ! ha !

FRED. Ah! it's all very fine! You soldiers think a man can't be worth his salt unless he's paid for it; but touch our hearths and homes, and you'll find we volunteers will fight like the devil. Well, at all events, I'm delighted to see you safe and sound. How are you? (*shakes hands with effusion*) That's all right. Won't you take something to drink now?

CAPT. No, thanks. You are sure you don't hate me, then?

FRED. Hate you? Not a bit of it! I was like a boy who had been locked up in a jam-closet. I had a surfeit of sweets. You have taught me a lesson, young fellow. (*taking MABEL's hand*) We never know the value of a thing till we've lost it.

MAB. Of *fancy* we have, dear.

FRED. And I sincerely believe I shall never forget it as long as I live.

CAPT. And I sincerely believe I shan't, either.

MAB. And I sincerely believe that all will go as "merry as a marriage bell," now that his eyes are opened to the fact that all are friends here—and that he himself alone is "His OWN ENEMY."

CURTAIN.



—“Sweetest Shakespere, Nature's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”—MILTON.

 Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following List of “DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS” are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complicated scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of Plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of the text, accuracy and fulness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

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No.

1 CASTE. *An original Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson.* A lively and effective satire upon the times, played successfully in America, at Wallack's. Five male and three female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, the first and third acts, interior of a neat room; the second a fashionable room. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.

2 NOBODY'S CHILD. *A romantic Drama in three acts, by Watts Phillips.* Eighteen male and three female characters. A domestic drama, wonderfully successful in London, as it abounds in stirring scenes and capital situations. Costumes modern, suited to rural life in Wales. Scenery is wild and picturesque. Time in representation, two hours and a quarter.

3 £100.000. *An original Comedy in three acts, by Henry J. Byron.* Eight male and four female characters. A most effective piece, played with applause at Wallack's. Costumes of the day. Two scenes are required—a comfortably furnished parlor and an elegant apartment. Time in representation, one hour and three quarters.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

4 DANDELION'S DODGES. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Four male and two female characters. A rattling piece. The part of Dandelion excellent for a low comedian. Costumes of the day. Scenery, a picturesque landscape. Time in representation, fifty minutes.

5 WILLIAM TELL WITH A VENGEANCE: or, the Pet, the Patriot and the Pippin. A grand new Burlesque by Henry J. Byron. Eight male and two female characters. Replete with telling allusions. Costumes of the period of the middle ages, grotesquely exaggerated. Five scenes in Switzerland. Time in representation, one hour.

6 SIX MONTHS AGO. A Comediatta in one act, by Felix Dale. Two male and one female characters. A really effective little piece, suited to amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scene, morning room in a country house. Easily produced. Time in representation, forty minutes.

7 MAUD'S PERIL. A Drama in four acts, by Watts Phillips. Five male and three female characters. Strong and sensational. Costume of English country life of the period. Scenery not elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

8 HENRY DUNBAR; or, a Daughter's Trials. A Drama in four acts, by Tom Taylor. Ten male and three female characters. One of the best acting plays of the day. Costumes of the period. Scenery modern English. Time in representation, three hours.

9 A FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN THE SEVEN DIALS. A farcical interlude in one act, by Charles Selby. Four male and one female characters. A very laughable piece, easily produced; certain to bring down the house. Costumes of the day. Scene, a genteelly furnished bedroom. Time in representation, forty minutes.

10 THE SNAPPING TURTLES; or, Matrimonial Masquerading. A dialogue in one act, by John B. Buckstone. One male and one female character, who assume a second each. A very ludicrous farce; has been eminently successful. Costumes of the day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour.

11 WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME. A Comedy Farce in two acts, by J. Maddison Morton. Four male and four female characters. A sparkling, lively composition, by one of the most humorous dramatic authors. The part of Woodcock has been performed by Charles Mathews and Lester Wallack. Costumes of the period. Scenery, modern apartments, handsomely furnished. Time in representation, one hour.

12 A WIDOW HUNT. An original Comedy in three acts, by J. Sterling Coyne. Four male and four female characters. An ingenuous and well known alteration of the same author's "Everybody's Friend," the part of Major Wellington de Boots having been rendered popular by Mr. J. S. Clarke in England and America. Costumes and scenery of the period. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

13 RUY BLAS. A romantic Drama in four acts, from the French of Victor Hugo. Twelve male and four female characters. This piece was eminently successful in London when produced by Mr. Fechter. It contains numerous scenes, capable of being performed unconnected with the drama, by amateurs. Spanish costumes of 1692. Scenery, halls and apartments in the royal palace at Madrid. Time in representation, three hours and a half.

14 NO THOROUGHFARE. A Drama in five acts, with a prologue, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Thirteen male and six female characters. Very successful as produced by Fechter in England and by Florence in America. Costumes modern but often changed. Scenery complicated; English exteriors, Swiss interiors and Alpine passes. Time in representation, three hours and forty minutes.

15 MILKY WHITE. A domestic Drama in two acts by H. T. Craven. Four male and two female characters. A good acting, pathetic piece. Costumes English, of the present day. Scenery, an exterior and interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

16 DEARER THAN LIFE. *A serio-comic Drama in three acts*, by Henry J. Byron. Six male and five female characters. An effective piece, which could be readily performed by amateurs with success. Costumes, English of the day. Scenery, two interiors, easily arranged. Time in representation, two hours.

17 KIND TO A FAULT. *An original Comedy in two acts*, by William Brough. Six male and four female characters. A well written composition with well drawn characters. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, two elegantly furnished interiors. Time in representation, one hour and twenty minutes.

18 IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR. *A Farce in one act*, by John Maddison Morton. Four male and three female characters. A splendid social sketch—the part of Green being excellent for a good light comedian. Costumes of the present day: and scenery, a neatly furnished interior. Time in representation, one hour and fifteen minutes.

19 HE'S A LUNATIC. *A Farce in one act*, by Felix Dale. Three male and two female characters. A sprightly, laughter-provoking production. Modern dresses; and scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

20 DADDY GRAY. *A serio-comic Drama in three acts*, by Andrew Haliday. Eight male and four female characters. One of the author's most effective and natural compositions. Dresses of the present day. Scenery, interior of a cottage, a lawyer's office, street and archway, and cottage with landscape. Time in representation, two hours.

21 DREAMS; or, My Lady Clara. *A Drama in five acts*, by T. W. Robertson. Six male and three female characters. Full of thrilling incidents, with several excellent parts for both male and female. Was successfully brought out at the Boston Museum and New York Fifth Avenue Theatre. Costumes, modern German and English. Scenery, interiors and gardens, rather complicated, but effective.

22 DAVID GARRICK. *A Comedy in three acts*, by T. W. Robertson. Eight male and three female characters. Most effectively performed by Mr. Sothern in England and in America with decided success. Costumes, court dresses. Scenery, two interiors antiquely furnished. Time in representation, one hour and three quarters.

23 THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT. *An Extravaganza in one act*, by Mark Lemon. Fifteen male and twenty-four female characters. A revision of the "House of Ladies." Performed with great success at Mitchell's Olympic in New York. The costumes are extremely fanciful and exaggerated. Scenery, modern English. Time in representation, one hour and five minutes.

24 CABMAN No. 93; or, Found in a Four Wheeler. *A Farce in one act*, by Thomas J. Williams. Two male and two female characters. A ludicrous piece, with a cabman for the first low comedian, and a stock broker as eccentric character part. Costumes of present day. Scene, a furnished room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

25 THE BROKEN HEARTED CLUB. *A Comedietta*, by J. Sterling Coyne. Four male and eight female characters. A laughable satire on the Women's Rights movement. Costumes modern English. Scenery, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

26 SOCIETY. *A Comedy in three acts*, by T. W. Robertson. Sixteen male and five female characters. A play exceedingly popular, intended to exhibit the foibles of British Society and to ridicule the election system. Costumes of the present day. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

27 TIME AND TIDE. *A Drama in three acts and a prologue*, by Henry Leslie. Seven male and five female characters. An effective piece, with novel and striking incidents. Costumes English, present day. Scenery, London marine scenery. Time in representation, two hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

28 A HAPPY PAIR. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith. One male and one female character. A neat dramatic sketch of a conjugal misunderstanding. Modern dresses. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

29 TURNING THE TABLES. A Farce in one act, by John Poole. Five male and three female characters. One of the happiest efforts of the famous author of "Paul Pry." The part of Jeremiah Bumps is redolent with quaint humor. A standard acting piece. Dresses and scenery of the present day. Time in representation, sixty-five minutes.

30 THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS. A Farce in one act, by Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards. Five male and three female characters. Gay, rollicking, full of incessant action, having three of the most comical characters imaginable. Costumes of the present period. Scene, a lawyer's office. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

31 TAMING A TIGER. A Farce in one act, altered from the French. Three male characters. In this a dashing light comedian and fiery, petulant old man cannot fail to extort applause. Modern dresses: and scene, a modern apartment. Time in representation, twenty five minutes.

32 THE LITTLE REBEL. A Farce in one act, by J. Sterling Coyne. Four male and three female characters. An excellent piece for a sprightly young actress. Dresses and scenery of the present day. Easy of production. Time in representation, about forty-five minutes.

33 ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Two male and three female characters. Adapted from a popular French vaudeville. Costume of the time. Scene, parlor in country house. Time of representation, fifty minutes.

34 LARKIN'S LOVE LETTERS. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Three male and two female characters. The piece has excellent parts for first low comedy—first old man and a soubrette. Dresses of the day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.

35 A SILENT WOMAN. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Hailes Lacy. Two male and one female characters. One of the prettiest little pieces on the English stage. Dresses of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

36 BLACK SHEEP. a Drama in three acts, from Edmund Yates' novel of the same name, and arranged for the stage by J. Palgrave Simpson and the author. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scenery, an interior; gardens at Homburg, and a handsome parlor. Time in playing, two and a half hours.

37 A SILENT PROTECTOR. A Farce in one act by Thomas J. Williams. Three male and two female characters. An active, bustling piece of ingenuity, which affords abundant opportunities for the display of Quickfidget's eccentricities. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

38 THE RIGHTFUL HEIR. A Drama in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer). Ten male and two female characters. A revision and improvement of the author's play of the "Sea Captain," originally produced under management of Mr. Macready. Costumes of the English Elizabethan period, armor, doublets, tights, &c. Scenery picturesque and elaborate. The play contains numerous scenes and passages, which could be selected for declamation. Time in representation, two hours and forty-five minutes.

39 MASTER JONES' BIRTHDAY. A Farce in one act, by John Maddison Morton. Four male and two female characters. A very amusing and effective composition, particularly suited to amateurs. Dresses of the day; and scene, a plain interior. Time of playing, thirty minutes.

40 ATCHI. A Comedietta in one act, by John Maddison Morton. Three male and two female characters. A gem in pleasantry, whose conclusion is irresistibly comic. Costume of the day. Scene, a tastefully laid out garden. Time in representation, forty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

41 BEAUTIFUL FOREVER. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and two female characters. A sprightly satirical rebuke to those that patronize advertised nostrums. Costumes of the day. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.

42 TIME AND THE HOUR. A Drama in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson and Felix Dale. Seven male and three female characters. An excellent acting play, full of life and incident, the parts of Medlicott and Maria Beck being capable of impressive representation—all others good. Costumes of the present period. Scenery, gardens and exterior, cottage and garden, and an old oaken chamber. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

43 SISTERLY SERVICE. An original Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Seven male and two female characters. An interesting piece. Costumes, rich dresses of the musketeers of Louis XIII. Scenes, an apartment of that period, and a corridor in the royal palace of France. Time in representation, forty minutes.

44 WAR TO THE KNIFE. a Comedy in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. A pleasing, entertaining and morally instructive lesson as to extravagant living; capitally adapted to the stage. Costumes of the present time. Scenes, three interiors. Time in representation, one hour and three quarters.

45 OUR DOMESTICS. A Comedy Farce in two acts, by Frederick Hay. Six male and six female characters. An irresistibly facetious exposition of high life below stairs, and of the way in which servants treat employers during their absence. Costumes of the day. Scenes, kitchen and dining room. Time in representation, one hour and a half.

46 MIRIAM'S CRIME. A Drama in three acts, by H. T. Craven. Five male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays, and easily put on the stage. Costumes modern. Scenery, modern English interiors, two in number. Time in representation, two hours.

47 EASY SHAVING. A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand and Montagu Williams. Five male and two female characters. A neat and effective piece, with excellent parts for low comedian and singing chamber maid. Costumes of the days of Charles II of England. Scene, a barber's shop. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

48 LITTLE ANNIE'S BIRTHDAY. An original personation Farce, by W. E. Suter. Two male and four female characters. A good farce, whose effectiveness depends upon a singing young lady, who could make the piece a sure success. Costumes modern. Scene, an apartment in an English country house. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

49 THE MIDNIGHT WATCH. A Drama in one act, by J. Maddison Morton. Eight male and two female characters. A successful little play. Costumes of the time of the French Revolution of 1795. Scene, the platform of a fortress. Time in representation, one hour.

50 THE PORTER'S KNOT. A serio-comic Drama in two acts, by John Oxenford. Eight male and two female characters. Interesting and thoroughly dramatic. Costumes of the day. Scenes, an interior of cottage and exterior of seaside hotel. Time in representation, one hour and a quarter.

51 A MODEL OF A WIFE. A Farce in one act, by Alfred Wigan. Three male and two female characters. Most amusing in conception and admirably carried out. Costumes of the day. Scene, a painter's studio. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

52 A CUP OF TEA. A Comedietta in one act. Translated from the French of *Une Tasse de Thé*, by Charles Nuttier and J. Derley. Three male and one female characters. An exquisite petty comedy, well adapted for amateur representation. Costumes modern. Scene, handsome drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

53 GERTRUDE'S MONEY BOX. A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Four male and two female characters. A successful, well written piece; an incident in rural life. Costumes of the present time. Scene, interior of a cottage. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

54 THE YOUNG COLLEGIAN (The Cantab). A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and two female characters. A rattling piece, filled with ludicrous situations, which could be splendidly worked up by a good light comedian. Costumes modern; and scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, fifty minutes.

55 CATHARINE HOWARD; or, the Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold. An historical play in three acts [from the celebrated play of that name, by Alexander Dumas]; adapted by W. D. Suter. Twelve male and five female characters. A most successful acting drama in both France and England. Costumes of the period of Henry VIII of England, artistic and rich. Scenery elaborate and historical. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

56 TWO GAY DECEIVERS; or, Black, White and Gray. A Farce in one act by T. W. Robertson. Three male characters. Adapted from the French of one of the most laughable vaudevilles on the Parisian stage. Costumes of present day. Scene, a cell in a police station. Time in representation, forty minutes.

57 NOEMIE. A Drama in two acts, translated and adapted from the French of Denney and Clement by T. W. Robertson. Four male and four female characters. Originally acted in Paris, this piece created such a sensation that it was produced subsequently at all the leading theatres of London. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden scene and a richly furnished interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half. Easily put on the stage.

58 DEBORAH (LEAH); or, the Jewish Maiden's Wrong. A Drama in three acts, by Charles Smith Cheltnam. Seven male and six female characters. A strangely effective acting play. Costumes picturesque yet simple. Scenery elaborate and cumbersome to handle. Time in representation, two hours and fifteen minutes. Elegant extracts can be taken from this drama.

59 THE POST BOY. An original Drama in two acts, by H. T. Craven. Five male and three female characters. Very successful. Costumes modern. Scenery, two interiors. Time of playing, an hour and a half.

60 THE HIDDEN HAND; or, the Gray Lady of Perth Vennon. A Drama in four acts, by Tom Taylor. Five male and five female characters. Costumes of the period of James II of England. Scenery somewhat elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and a half.

61 PLOT AND PASSION. A Drama in three acts [from the French], by Tom Taylor. Seven male and two female characters. A neat and well constructed play, admirably adapted to amateur representation. Costumes of the period of the First Empire, rich and attractive. Scenes, an interior in a French mansion, and one in a country villa. Time in representation, one hour and a half.

62 A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIX. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Three male and two female characters. A brilliant, witty production. Costumes of the day. Scene, a photographic room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

63 MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE. A Farce in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Five male and three female characters. A decided success in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes, a plain chamber and a garden. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

64 A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY. A domestic Sketch in one act, by Francis Talfourd. One male and one female character. A gem in its line; artistic, dramatic and very natural. Modern costumes, and scene a poorly furnished apartment. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

65 CHECKMATE. A Comedy in two acts, by Andrew Hal-
iday. Six male and five female characters. Costumes, English, of the pres-
ent day. Scenes, interior of a country hotel, and exterior of same, with
landscape. Time in representation, one hour and a half.

66 THE ORANGE GIRL. A Drama in a prologue and
three acts, by Harry Leslie and Nicholas Rowe. Eighteen male and four
female characters. Costumes of the present day; this piece requires con-
siderable scenery, and some of an especial nature. Time in representation,
two hours and a quarter

67 THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS. A Farce in one
act, by John Hollingshead. Seven male and three female characters. A
capital acting extravaganza, introducing a number of eccentric personages.
Costumes of the present time. Scene, a workingman's room. Time in repre-
sentation, forty minutes.

68 THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE. A Drama in
three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Velesville and Roger de Beauvoir,
by T. W. Robertson. Nine male and three female characters. A very popu-
lar and favorite play. Costumes, very rich, in velvet, court and hunting
dresses, breeches, stockings, &c. Scenery, a tavern and garden, an interior,
style Louis Seize, and a plainer interior. Time in representation, one hour
and a half.

69 CAUGHT BY THE CUFF. A Farce in one act, by
Frederick Hay. Four male and one female characters. An exquisitely
ludicrous production, crammed with situations. Costumes of the day.
Scene, a kitchen. Time in representation, forty minutes.

70 THE BONNIE FISHWIFE. A Farce in one act, by
Charles Selby, Comedian. Three male and one female characters. A very
sprightly piece, in which the lady is required to sing, and to be capable of
assuming the Scottish dialect. The costumes, although modern, involve
eccentric Scottish and deer stalking dresses. Scenes, a hand-some chamber
and interior of Highland cottage. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.

71 DOING FOR THE BEST. A domestic Drama in two
acts, by M. Rophino Lacy. Five male and three female characters. An
effective acting piece, popular in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes,
one interior of cottage, the other a drawing room. Time in representation,
one hour and a half.

72 A LAME EXCUSE. A Farce in one act, by Frederick
Hay. Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene,
a handsome interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

73 A GOLDEN FETTER (FETTERED). A Drama in three
acts, by Watts Phillips. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes
of the present time. Scenery extensive and peculiar to the piece. Time in
representation, one hour and a half.

74 THE GARRICK FEVER. A Farce in one act, by J. R.
Planche. Seven male and four female characters. Costumes of the year
1742—court dresses, regimentals, velvet trains, &c. Scenery, a plain interior.
Time of representation, forty-five minutes.

75 ADRIENNE; or, the Secret of a Life. Drama in three
acts, by Harry Leslie. Seven male and three female characters. A telling
romantic drama. Italian and French costumes, civil and military. Scenery,
elaborate interiors and landscapes. Time in representation, one hour and
forty-five minutes.

76 THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL. An original Nauti-
cal Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Three male and two female
characters. A very mirth exciting and whimsical composition. Costumes
of the present day. Scene, the saloon of a steamer. Time in representation,
forty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

77 THE ROLL OF THE DRUM. *A romantic Drama in three acts, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. Eight male and four female characters. A standard piece with the British theatres. Costumes of the period of the first French revolution. Scenery, interior of a farm house, a picturesque landscape and a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.*

78 SPECIAL PERFORMANCES. *A Farce in one act, by Wilmot Harrison. Seven male and three female characters. A most ludicrous, ingenious and sprightly production. Dresses of the present day. Scene, a chamber. Time in performance, forty minutes.*

79 A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING. *A domestic Drama in one act, freely adapted from Madame de Girardin's "Une Femme qui déteste Son Mari," by Tom Taylor. Seven male and five female characters. A neat and pleasing domestic play, founded upon incidents following Monmouth's rebellion. Costumes of the time of James II of England. Scene, a tapestried chamber. Time of playing, one hour.*

80 A CHARMING PAIR. *A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Four male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a handsomely furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.*

81 VANDYKE BROWN. *A Farce in one act, by Adolphus Charles Troughton. Three male and three female characters. Popular wherever performed. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a chamber, backed by a window. Time of representation, one hour.*

82 PEEP O' DAY; or, Savourneen Dheelish. *An Irish romantic Drama in four acts (derived from "Tales of the O'Hara Family"), by Edmund Falconer. The New "Drury Lane" version. Twelve male and four female characters. Costumes, Irish, in the year 1798. Scenery, illustrative of Munster. Time in representation, three hours.*

83 THRICE MARRIED. *A personation piece in one act, by Howard Paul. Six male and one female characters. The lady sings, dances and assumes personification of a French vocalist, of a Spanish dancer and of a man of fashion. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room in a lodging house. Time in representation, three quarters of an hour.*

84 NOT GUILTY. *A Drama in four acts, by Watts Phillips, ten male and six female characters. A thrilling drama founded upon a fact. Costumes of the present day. Scenery illustrative of localities about Southampton and its harbor, and of others in India. Time in representation, three hours.*

85 LOCKED IN WITH A LADY. *A Sketch from Life, by H. R. Addison. One male and one female character. A very pleasing and humorous interlude. Costume of the day, and scene a bachelor's apartment. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.*

86 THE LADY OF LYONS; or, Love and Pride. *A Play in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer). Twelve male and five female characters. Four of the male characters are very good ones; and Pauline, Madame De-chapelles and the Widow Melnotte are each excellent in their line. The piece abounds in eloquent declamation and sparkling dialogue. This edition is the most complete in all respects ever issued. It occupies three hours in representation. The scenery, gardens and interior of cottage and mansion. Costumes French, of 1795.*

87 LOCKED OUT. *A Comic Scene, Illustrative of what may occur after dark in a great metropolis; by Howard Paul. One male and two female characters, with others unimportant. Scene, a street; dress, modern. Time in playing, thirty minutes.*

88 FOUNDED ON FACTS. *A Farce in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Four male and two female characters. A favorite acting piece, easily put on the stage and never failing in success. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a hotel parlor. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.*

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

NO.

89 AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID. A Farce in one act., by J. Maddison Morton. Three male and three female characters. One of the best of this prolific humorist's dramatic pieces. Dresses of the period, and scene an apartment in a dwelling house. Time in representation, forty minutes.

90 ONLY A HALFPENNY. A Farce in one act., by John Oxenford. Two male and two female characters. Dresses of the present day, and scene an elegantly furnished interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

91 WALPOLE; or, Every Man has his Price. A Comedy in rhyme., by Lord Lytton. Seven male and two female characters. Costumes of the period of George I of England. Scenery illustrative of London localities, and residences of the same era. Time of playing, one hour and ten minutes.

92 MY WIFE'S OUT. A Farce in one act., by G. Herbert Rodwell. Two male and two female characters. This piece had a successful run at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. Costume modern, and scene an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.

93 THE AREA BELLE. A Farce in one act., by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time, and scene a kitchen. Time in performing, thirty minutes.

94 OUR CLERKS; or, No. 3, Fig Tree Court, Temple. An original Farce, in one act.. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scene a large sitting room solidly furnished. Time in representation, sixty-five minutes.

95 THE PRETTY HORSE BREAKER. A Farce., by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes modern English, and scene a breakfast room in a fashionable mansion. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.

96 DEAREST MAMMA. A Comedietta in one act., by Walter Gordon. Four male and three female characters. Costume modern English, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour.

97 ORANGE BLOSSOMS. A Comedietta in one act., by J. P. Wooler. Three male and three female characters. Costume of the present day, and scene, a garden with summer house. Time in playing, fifty minutes.

98 WHO IS WHO? or, All in a Fog. A Farce, adapted from the French., by Thomas J. Williams. Three male and two female characters. Costumes, modern English dresses, as worn by country gentry; and scene, parlor, in an old fashioned country house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.

99 THE FIFTH WHEEL. A Comedy in three acts.. Ten male and two female characters. An excellent American production, easily managed. Costumes of the modern day. Scenery not complicated. Time of representation, about one hour and three quarters.

100 JACK LONG. A Drama in two acts., by J. B. Johnstone. Nine male and two female characters. Costume of the frontiers. Scenery illustrative of localities on the Texan frontier. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.

101 FERNANDE; or, Forgive and Forget. A Drama in three acts., by Victorien Sardou. Eleven male and ten female characters. This is a correct version of the celebrated play as performed in Paris and adapted to the English stage, by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Costumes, modern French. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours.

102 FOILED; or, a Struggle for Life and Liberty. A Drama in four acts., by O. W. Cornish. 9 males, 3 females. Costumes, modern American. Scenery—a variety of scenes required, but none elaborate. Time in representation, three and a half hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

103 FAUST AND MARGUERITE. A romantic Drama in three acts, translated from the French of Michel Carre, by Thomas William Robertson. Nine male and seven female characters. Costumes German, of the sixteenth century: doublets, trunks, tights. Scenery, a laboratory, tavern, garden, street and tableau. Time in representation, two hours.

104 NO NAME. A Drama in five acts, by Wilkie Collins. Seven male and five female characters. A dramatization of the author's popular novel of the same name. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, four interiors and a sea view. Time in representation, three hours.

105 WHICH OF THE TWO. A Comedietta in one act, by John M. Morton. Two male and ten female characters. A very neat and interesting petit comedy. Costume Russian. Scene, public room of an Inn. Time of playing, fifty minutes.

106 UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW. A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Six male and two female characters. Costumes English, of the present day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.

107 CUPBOARD LOVE. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and one female characters. A good specimen of broad comedy. Dresses modern, and scene, a neatly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

108 MR. SCROGGINS: or, Change of Name. A Farce in one act, by William Hancock. Three male and three female characters. A lively piece. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

109 LOCKED IN. A Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Two male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

110 POPPLETON'S PREDICAMENTS. A Farce in one act, by Charles M. Rae. Three male and six female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

111 THE LIAR. A Comedy in two acts, by Samuel Foote. Seven male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays in any language. Costumes, embroidered court dresses, silk sacques, &c; still the modern dress will suffice. Scenes—one, a park, the other a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and twenty minutes. This edition, as altered by Charles Mathews, is particularly adapted for amateurs.

112 NOT A BIT JEALOUS. A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and three female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time of playing, forty minutes.

113 CYRIL'S SUCCESS. A Comedy in five acts, by Henry J. Byron. Ten male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours twenty minutes.

114 ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE. A petite Comedy in one act, by Shirley Brooks. Three male and three female characters. Costumes present day. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, fifty-one minutes.

115 NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. A Comedy in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes present day. Scenery somewhat complicated. Time in representation, two hours.

116 I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL. An original Irish Stew in one act, by C. A. Maltby. Three male and two female characters. Costume of present day, undress uniform, Irish peasant and Highland dress. Scene, a room. Time in playing twenty-eight minutes.

No.

117 NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. A farcical Drama in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scenery, three interiors. Time in representation, two hours.

118 WANTED. A YOUNG LADY. A Farce in one act, by W. E. Suter. Three male characters. Effective for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time in playing, forty minutes.

119 A LIFE CHASE. A Drama in five acts, by Adolph Belot; translated by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Fourteen male and five female characters. Costumes modern French. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.

120 A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. Petite Comedy in one act. Two male and one female characters. Admirably adapted for private performance. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time of representation, thirty-five minutes.

121 A COMICAL COUNTESS. A Farce in one act, by William Brough. Three male and one female characters. Costumes French, of last century. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

122 ISABELLA ORSINI. A romantic Drama in four acts, by S. H. Mosenthal. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes Italian, three hundred years ago. Scenery complicated. Time in representation, three and a half hours.

123 THE TWO POLTS. A Farce in one act, by John Courtney. Four male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, a street and two interiors. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

124 THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW; or, The Little Man in Green. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Six male and six female characters. Easily localized, as the "Home Guard," or "Militia Muster." Costumes of the day; and scene, a room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

125 DEERFOOT. A Farce in one act, by T. C. Burnand. Five male and one female characters. Costumes of the day; and scene, a public house. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.

126 TWICE KILLED. A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford. Six male and three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, landscape and a drawing room. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.

127 PEGGY GREEN. A Farce in one act, by Charles Selby. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a country road. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

128 THE FEMALE DETECTIVE; or, The Mother's Dying Child. A Drama in three acts, by C. H. Hazlewood. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes of fifty years since. Scenery very elaborate. Time of playing two hours.

129 IN FOR A HOLIDAY. A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand. Two male and three female characters. Costumes of the period, and scene an interior. Time in performance, thirty-five minutes.

130 MY WIFE'S DIARY. A Farce in one act. From the French of MM. Dennery and Clairville, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern French, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, fifty minutes.

131 GO TO PUTNEY. A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Four male and three female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day; scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

132 A RACE FOR A DINNER. A Farce in one act, by J. F. G. Rodwell. Ten male characters. A sterling piece. Costumes of the day. Scene, a tavern exterior. Time in representation, sixty minutes.

133 TIMOTHY TO THE RESCUE. A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. Four male and two female characters. In this laughable piece Spangle assumes several personifications. Costumes of the day, and scene a plain interior. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

134 TOMPKINS, THE TROUBADOUR. A Farce in one act, by MM. Lockroy and Marc Michel. Three male and two female characters. Costumes modern, and scene an ironmonger's shop. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.

135 EVERYBODY'S FRIEND. A Comedy in three acts, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery three interiors. Time in performance, two and a half hours.

136 THE WOMAN IN RED. A Drama in three acts and Prologue, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and eight female characters. Costumes French and Italian. Scenery complicated. Time of playing, three hours and twenty-five minutes.

137 L'ARTICLE 47: or, Breaking the Ban. A Drama in three acts, by Adolph Belot, adapted to the English stage by Henry L. Williams. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes French, of the day. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, three hours and ten minutes.

138 POLL AND PARTNER JOE; or, The Pride of Putney and the Pressing Pirate. A Burlesque in one act and four scenes, by F. C. Burnand. Ten male and three female characters. (Many of the male characters are performed by ladies.) Costumes modern, and scenery local. Time of playing, one hour.

139 JOY IS DANGEROUS. A Comedy in two acts, by James Mortimer. Three male and three female characters. Costume, modern French. Scenery, two interiors. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.

140 NEVER RECKON YOUR CHICKENS, &c. A Farce in one act, by Wybert Reeve. Three male and four female characters. Modern costumes, and scene, an interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.

141 THE BELLS; or, the Polish Jew. A romantic moral Drama in three acts, by MM. Erckmann and Chatrian. Nine male and three female characters. Costumes Alsatian, of present date. Scenery, two interiors and a court room. Time of playing, two hours and twenty minutes.

142 DOLLARS AND CENTS. An original American Comedy in three acts, by L. J. Hollenius, as performed by the Murray Hill Dramatic Association. Nine male and four female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery, three interiors and one garden. Time in representation, two and three quarter hours.

143 LODGERS AND DODGERS. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scene, a furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes. One character a Yorkshire farmer.

144 THE LANCASHIRE LASS; or, Tempted, Tried and True. A domestic Melodrama in four acts and a Prologue, by Henry J. Byron. Twelve male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, varied and difficult. Time in representation, three hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

145 FIRST LOVE. A Comedy in one act, by Eugene Scribe. Adapted to the American stage by L. J. Hollenius. Four male and one female characters. Suitable for amateurs. Modern costumes, and scene, a parlor. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.

146 THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton. One male and two female characters. Costumes of the present day, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.

147 THE OVERLAND ROUTE. A Comedy in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes East Indian (European). Scenery, steamship saloon and deck, and coral reef. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.

148 CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith. Two male and one female characters. Scene, a drawing room. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.

149 CLOUDS. An American Comedy in four acts, by Fred. Marsden (W. A. Sliver). Eight male and seven female characters. Costumes of the day. Scenery, cottage, river scene and drawing rooms. Time in representation, three hours.

150 A TELL-TALE HEART. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton. One male and two female characters. Excellent for private representation. Costumes of the day. Scene, a villa room. Time in representation, forty minutes.

151 A HARD CASE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton. Two male characters. A most ludicrous piece for two performers. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.

152 CUPID'S EYE-GLASS. A Comedy in one act, by Thomas Picton. One male and one female characters. Adapted for amateur performance. Costumes of the day, and scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

153 'TIS BETTER TO LIVE THAN TO DIE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton. Two male and one female characters. Can be played readily and effectively by amateurs. Costumes, modern, and scene, an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.

154 MARIA AND MAGDALENA. A Play in four acts, by L. J. Hollenius. Eight male, six female characters. An uniformly good stock company is alone needed to properly produce this charming piece. Costumes modern. Scenery, fine interiors and beautiful gardens. Time in representation, three hours.

155 OUR HEROES. A Military Play in five acts, eight allegorical tableaux, and ten grand pictures, including a grand transformation tableau, by John B. Renaud. Twenty-four male and five female characters. Large parties of retired volunteers can appear with great effect in this play. Costumes modern, civil and military. Scenery, interiors of dwellings, encampments and battle-fields.

156 PEACE AT ANY PRICE. A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. One male and one female characters; but a variety of voices are heard throughout the piece, the speakers being invisible. A capital sketch for two lively amateur comedians. Costume modern. Scenery—there is but one scene throughout the piece—a meanly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

157 QUITE AT HOME. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Sketchley. Five male and two female characters. A real lively taking piece. All the characters passable. Costumes modern. Scenery, a shabbily furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

158 SCHOOL. A Comedy in four acts, by T. W. Robertson. Six male and six female characters. Is a very superior piece, and has three characters unusually good for either sex. Could be played with fine effect at a girls' seminary. Costumes modern. Scenery, English landscape and genteel interiors. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.

159 IN THE WRONG HOUSE. A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher. Four male and two female characters. A very justly popular piece. Two of the male characters are excellent for light and low comedian. Good parts, too, for a young and old lady. Costumes modern. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

160 BLOW FOR BLOW. A Drama in a Prologue and three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Eleven male and six female characters. Full of homely pathos as well as rich humor. Has several excellent parts. Costumes modern. Scenery, interiors of offices and dwellings. Time in representation, three hours.

161 WOMAN'S VOWS AND MASON'S OATHS. In four acts, by A. J. H. Duganne. Ten male and four female characters. Has effective situations, fine characters and beautiful dialogues. Costumes modern, with Federal and Confederate uniforms. Scenery, interiors in country houses, and warlike encampments. Time in performance, two hours and thirty minutes.

162 UNCLE'S WILL. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith. Two male and one female characters. A brilliant piece; can be easily played in a parlor. Costumes modern, and naval uniform for Charles. Scenery, set interior drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

163 MARCORETTI. A romantic Drama in three acts, by John M. Kingdom. Ten male and three female characters. A thrillingly effective piece, full of strong scenes. Costumes, brigands and rich Italian's dress. Scenery, interior of castle, mountain passes, and princely ball room. Time in representation, two hours.

164 LITTLE RUBY; or, Home Jewels. A domestic Drama in three acts, by J. J. Wallace. Six male and six female characters. This drama is at once affecting and effective. Little Rnby fine personation for young prodigy. Costumes modern. Scenery, interior of dwelling and gardens. Time in representation, two hours.

165 THE LIVING STATUE. A Farce in one act, by Joseph J. Dilley and James Allen. Three male and two female characters. Brimful of fun. Trotter a great character for a droll low comedian. Costumes modern, with one old Roman warrior dress. Scenery, a plain interior.

166 BARDELL vs. PICKWICK. A Farcical sketch in one act, arranged from Charles Dickens. Six male and two female characters. Uncommonly funny. Affords good chance to "take off" local legal celebrities. Costumes modern. Scenery, a court room. Time in performance, thirty minutes.

167 APPLE BLOSSOMS. A Comedy in three acts, by James Albery. Seven male and three female characters. A pleasing piece, with rich part for an eccentric comedian. Costumes modern English. Scenery, exterior and interior of inn. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.

168 TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. A Comedy in two acts, by James Albery. Four male and two female characters. Has several excellent characters. John Tweedie, powerful personation; Tim Whiffler very funny. Costumes modern. Scenery, a stone mason's yard and modest interior. Time in representation, one hour and twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

169 MY UNCLE'S SUIT. A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher. Four male and one female characters. Has a jolly good low comedy part, a fine light comedy one, and a brisk, pert lady's maid. Costumes modern. Scenery, a well furnished sitting room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

170 ONLY SOMEBODY; or, Dreadfully Alarming. A Farce in one act, by Conway Edwardes and Edward Cullerne. Four male and two female characters. Immensely funny. Full of queer incidents. Every way fitted for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden and back of a house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.

71 NOTHING LIKE PASTE. A Farce in one act, by Chas. Marsham Rae. Three male and one female characters. Every character superexcellent. Billy Doo a regular Burtonian part. Admirable piece for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, exterior of a small villa, with gardens. Time in representation, forty minutes.

172 OURS. A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Six male and three female characters. One of the best and most admired plays in our language—while a fair stock company can play it acceptably. It has several characters fit for stars. Costumes modern, with British military uniforms. Scenery, gardens, park, drawing room, and rude hut in the Crimea. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.

173 OFF THE STAGE. An entirely original Comedietta in one act, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Three male and three female characters, all equally excellent. One of the sprightliest, wittiest and most amusing little plays ever written, causing almost an hour's constant merriment. Costumes modern. Scene a handsome interior.

174 HOME. A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Four male, three female characters. A charming piece. Needs but a small company. Every character very good. Costumes modern. Only one scene throughout the play. Time of representation, two hours.

175 CAST UPON THE WORLD. An entirely Original Drama in five acts, by Charles E. Newton. Ten male, five female characters. A remarkably effective piece. Costumes modern. Scenery somewhat elaborate, but very fine. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.

176 ON BREAD AND WATER. A Musical Farce in one act, being a free adaptation from the German, by Sydney Rosenfeld. A rollicking little piece. One male and two female characters. Containing a brilliant soubrette part. Costumes modern. Scene an uncarpeted school room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

177 I SHALL INVITE THE MAJOR. A Parlor Comedy in one act, by G. von Moser. Containing five characters, four male and one female. A very pleasing little play, with good parts for all. Very bright and witty. Costumes modern. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.

178 OUT AT SEA. An entirely Original Romantic Drama in a prologue and four acts, by Charles E. Newton. Sixteen male, five female characters. Powerfully written. Full of strong situations. Very telling scenic effects. Costumes modern. Time in representation, two hours and ten minutes.

179 A BREACH OF PROMISE. An extravagant Comic Drama in two acts, by T. W. Robertson. Five male, two female characters. A capital, very merry piece. Good for amateurs. Time in representation, one hour. Scenery, two interiors. Costume, modern.

180 HENRY THE FIFTH. An Historical Play in five acts. By William Shakespeare. Thirty-eight male, five female characters. This grand play has a rare blending of the loftiest tragedy, with the richest and broadest humor. This edition is the most complete in every respect ever published. Costumes rich and expensive. Scenery, etc., very elaborate. Time of representation, three hours.



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And those who always laughed now laugh the more."

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- 2 TRICKS.** *An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.* Five male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Two scenes, two interiors. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 3 HEMMED IN.** *An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.* Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, a studio. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 4 EH ? WHAT IS IT ?** *An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.* Four male and one female characters. Costumes of the day, and scene, a chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 5 TWO BLACK ROSES.** *An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.* Four male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

6 THE BLACK CHAP FROM WHITECHAPEL. An eccentric Negro Piece, adapted from Burnand and Williams' "B. B." by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Four male characters. Costumes modern. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

7 THE STUPID SERVANT. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Two male characters. Characters very droll; fit for star "darky" players. Costumes modern and fantastic dresses. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

8 THE MUTTON TRIAL. An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by James Mafit. Four male characters. Capital burlesque of courts of "justice;" all the parts good. Costumes modern and Quaker. Scenery, a wood view and a court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

9 THE POLICY PLAYERS. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Seven male characters. A very clever satire upon a sad vice. Costumes modern, and coarse negro ragged clothes. Scenery, an ordinary kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

10 THE BLACK CHEMIST. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. All the characters are A 1, funny in the extreme. Costumes modern or Yankee—extravagant. Scenery, an apothecary's laboratory. Time in representation, seventeen minutes.

11 BLACK-EY'D WILLIAM. An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by Charles White. Four male, one female characters. All the parts remarkably good. Costumes as extravagant as possible. Scenery, a police court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

12 DAGUERREOTYPES. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Full of broad humor; all characters excellent. Costumes modern genteel, negro and Yankee garbs. Scenery, ordinary room with camera. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

13 THE STREETS OF NEW YORK; or, New York by Gaslight. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Six male characters. Three of the parts very droll; others good. Costumes some modern, some Yankee and some loaferish. Scenery, street view. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.

14 THE RECRUITING OFFICE. An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Five male characters. A piece full of incidents to raise mirth. Three of the parts capital. Costumes extravagant, white and darkey, and a comical uniform. Scenery, plain chamber and a street. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

15 SAM'S COURSHIP. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by Charles White. Two male and one female characters. All the characters particularly jolly. Two of the parts can be played in either white or black, and one in Dutch. Costumes Yankee and modern. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

16 STORMING THE FORT. A burlesque Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Five male characters. Richly ludicrous; all the characters funny. Costumes fantastical, and extravagant military uniforms. Scenery, ludicrous "take off" of fortifications. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

17 THE GHOST. An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Two male characters. A right smart piece, full of laugh. Costumes ordinary "darkey" clothes. Scenery common looking kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

18 THE LIVE INDIAN; or, Jim Crow. A comical Ethiopian Sketch in four scenes, by Dan Bryant. Four male, one female characters. As full of fun as a hedgehog is full of bristles. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, chamber and street. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

19 MALICIOUS TRESPASS; or, Points of Law. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Extravagantly comical; all the parts very good. Costumes extravagant modern garbs. Scenery, wood or landscape. Time of playing, twenty minutes.

20 GOING FOR THE CUP; or, Old Mrs. Williams' Dance. An Ethiopian Interlude, by Charles White. Four male characters. One capital part for a bright juvenile; the others very droll. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, a landscape or wood. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

21 SCAMPINI. An anti-tragical, comical, magical and laughable Pantomime, full of tricks and transformations, in two scenes, by Edward Warden. Six male, three female characters. Costumes extravagantly eccentric. Scenery, plain rustic chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

22 OBEYING ORDERS. An Ethiopian Military Sketch in one scene, by John Arnold. Two male, one female characters. Mary Jane, a capital wench part. The piece very jocose. Costumes ludicrous military and old style dresses. Scenery either plain or fancy chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.

23 HARD TIMES. A Negro Extravaganza in one scene, by Daniel D. Emmett. Five male, one female characters. Needs several good players—then there is “music in the air.” Costumes burlesque, fashionable and low negro dresses. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

24 BRUISED AND CURED. A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Two male characters. A rich satire upon the muscular furore of the day. Costumes tights and guernsey shirts and negro dress. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

25 THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME. A laughable Interlude in one scene, by Oliver Durivarge. Two male characters—one female. Boiling over with fun, especially if one can make up like Lester Wallack. Costumes genteel modern. Scenery, handsome chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

26 RIVAL TENANTS. A Negro Sketch, by George L. Stout. Four male characters. Humorously satirical; the parts all very funny. Costumes negro and modern. Scenery, an old kitchen. Time of playing, twenty minutes.

27 ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF HAMLET. A Negro Sketch, by Charles White. Seven male, one female characters. Affords excellent chance for imitations of popular “stars.” Costumes modern, some very shabby. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

28 UNCLE EPH'S DREAM. An Original Negro Sketch in two scenes and two tableaux, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. A very pathetic little piece, with a sprinkling of humor. Costumes, a modern southern dress and negro toggery. Scenery, wood, mansion and negro hut. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

29 WHO DIED FIRST? A Negro Sketch in one Scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Three male, one female characters. Jasper and Hannah are both very comical personages. Costumes, ordinary street dress and common darkey clothes. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

30 ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ROOM. A Burlesque Sketch, arranged by Charles White. Seven male characters. Has a funny Dutchman and two good darkey characters. Costume, one Dutch and several modern. Scenery, an ordinary interior. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

31 GLYCERINE OIL. An Ethiopian Sketch, by John Arnold. Three male characters, all good. Costumes, Quaker and eccentric modern. Scenery, a street and a kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

32 WAKE UP, WILLIAM HENRY. A Negro Sketch, arranged by Charles White. Three male characters, which have been favorites of our best performers. Costumes modern—some eccentric. Scenery plain chamber. Time in representation, ten minutes.

33 JEALOUS HUSBAND. A Negro Sketch, arranged by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. Full of farcical dialogue. Costumes, ordinary modern dress. Scenery, a fancy rustic chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

34 THREE STRINGS TO ONE BOW. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Four male, one female characters. Full of rough, practical jokes. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a landscape. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

35 COAL HEAVERS' REVENGE. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by George L. Stout. Six male characters. The two coal heavers have "roaring" parts. Costumes, modern, Irish and negro comic make up. Scenery, landscape. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

36 LAUGHING GAS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Six male, one female characters. Is a favorite with our best companies. Costumes, one modern genteel, the rest ordinary negro. Scenery, plain chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.

37 A LUCKY JOB. A Negro Farce in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Three male, two female characters. A rattling, lively piece. Costumes, modern and eccentric. Scenery, street and fancy chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

38 SIAMESE TWINS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch, in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Five male characters. One of the richest in fun of any going. Costumes, Irish, darkey and one wizard's dress. Scenery, a street and a chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

39 WANTED A NURSE. A laughable Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Four male characters. All the characters first rate. Costume, modern, extravagant, one Dutch dress. Scenery, a plain kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

40 A BIG MISTAKE. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Four male characters. Full of most absurdly funny incidents. Costumes, modern; one policeman's uniform. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.

41. CREMATION. An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by A. J. Leavitt. Eight male, one female characters. Full of broad, palpable hits at the last sensation. Costumes modern, some eccentric. Scenery, a street and a plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

42. BAD WHISKEY. A comic Irish Sketch in one scene, by Sam Rickey and Master Barney. Two male, one female characters. One of the very best of its class. Extravagant low Irish dress and a policeman's uniform.

43 BABY ELEPHANT. A Negro Sketch in two scenes. By J. C. Stewart. Seven male, one female characters. Uproariously comic in idea and execution. Costumes, modern. Scenery, one street, one chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.

44 THE MUSICAL SERVANT. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Phil. H. Mowrey. Three male characters. Very original and very droll. Costumes, modern and low darkey. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

45 REMITTANCE FROM HOME. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. A very lively piece, full of bustle, and giving half a dozen people a good chance. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

46 A SLIPPERY DAY. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Robert Hart. Six male, one female characters. By a very simple mechanical contrivance, plainly planned and described in this book, a few persons can keep an audience roaring. Time in representation, sixteen minutes.

47 TAKE IT, DON'T TAKE IT. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by John Wild. Two male characters. Affords a capital chance for two good persons to "do" the heaviest kind of deep, deep tragedy. Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.

48 HIGH JACK, THE HEELER. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. Happily hits off the short-haired bragging "fighters" that can't lick a piece of big taffy. Time of playing, twenty minutes.

49 A NIGHT IN A STRANGE HOTEL. A laughable Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Two male characters. Although this piece has only two personators, it is full of fun. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.

50 THE DRAFT. A Negro Sketch in one act and two scenes, by Charles White. Six male characters. A good deal of humor of the Mulligan Guard and Awkward Squad style, dramatized. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.

51 FISHERMAN'S LUCK. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Two male characters. Decidedly the best "fish story" ever told. It needs two "star" darkeys to do it. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

52 EXCISE TRIALS. A Burlesque Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Ten male, one female characters. Full of strong local satire; can be easily adapted to any locality. Time of representation, twenty minutes.

53 DAMON AND PYTHIAS. A Negro Burlesque, by Chas. White. Five male, one female characters, in two scenes. A stunning burlesque of the highfalutin melodrama; capital for one or two good imitators. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.

54 THEM PAPERS. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of comical mystifications and absurdly funny situations. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.

55 RIGGING A PURCHASE. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of broad comical effects. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

56 THE STAGE STRUCK COUPLE. A laughable Interlude in one scene, by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. Gives the comical phase of juvenile dramatic furor; very droll, contrasted with the matter-of-fact darkey. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

57 POMPEY'S PATIENTS. A laughable Interlude in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Six male characters. Very funny practical tricks of a fast youth to gain the governor's consent to his weddng his true love. Half a dozen good chances for good actors. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

58 GHOST IN A PAWN SHOP. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Mr. Mackey. Four male characters. As comical as its title; running over with practical jokes. Time of representation, twenty minutes.

59 THE SAUSAGE MAKERS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Five male, one female characters. An old story worked up with a deal of laughable effect. The ponderous sausage machine and other properties need not cost more than a couple of dollars. Time of representation, twenty minutes.

60 THE LOST WILL. A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Four male characters. Very droll from the word "go." Time of representation, eighteen minutes.

61 THE HAPPY COUPLE. A Short Humorous scene, ar- ranged by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. A spirited burlesque of foolish jealousy. Sam is a very frolicsome, and very funny young darkey. Time of playing, seventeen minutes.

62 VINEGAR BITTERS. A Negro Sketch in one scene, ar- ranged by Charles White. Six male, one female characters. A broad burlesque of the popular patent medicine business; plenty of humorous incidents. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.

63 THE DARKEY'S STRATAGEM. A Negro Sketch in one act, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. Quaint courtship scenes of a pair of young darkies, ludicrously exaggerated by the tricks of the boy Cupid. Time of representation, twenty minutes.

64 THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST. In one scene, by Larry Tooley. Four male, one female characters. Jacob Schrochorn, the jolly shoemaker and his frau, are rare ones for raising a hearty laugh. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.

65 PORTER'S TROUBLES. An Amusing Sketch in one scene, by Ed. Harrigan. Six male, one female characters. A laughable exposition of the queer freaks of a couple of eccentric lodgers that pester a poor "porter." Time in representation, eighteen minutes.

66 PORT WINE vs. JEALOUSY. A Highly Amusing Sketch, by William Carter. Two male, one female characters. Twenty minutes jammed full of the funniest kind of fun.

67 EDITOR'S TROUBLES. A Farce in one scene, by Ed- ward Harrigan. Six male characters. A broad farcical description of the running of a country journal "under difficulties." Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.

68 HIPPOTHEATRON OR BURLESQUE CIRCUS. An Extravagant, funny Sketch, by Charles White. Nine male characters. A rich burlesque of sports in the ring and stone smashing prodigies. Time of playing, varies with "acts" introduced.

69 SQUIRE FOR A DAY. A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Five male, one female characters. The "humor of it" is in the mock judicial antics of a darkey judge for a day. Time of representation, twenty minutes.

70 GUIDE TO THE STAGE. An Ethiopian Sketch, by Chas. White. Three male characters. Contains some thumping theatrical hits of the "Lay on Maeduff," style. Time of playing, twelve minutes.

MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

Below will be found a List of nearly all the great Dramatic successes of the present and past seasons. Every one of these Plays, it will be noticed, are the productions of the most eminent Dramatists of the age. Nothing is omitted that can in any manner lighten the duties of the Stage Manager, the Scene Painter or the Property Man.

ON THE JURY. A Drama, in four Acts. By Watts Phillips. This piece has seven male and four female characters.

ELFIE; or, THE CHERRY TREE INN. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and four female characters.

THE TWO THORNS. A Comedy, in four Acts. By James Albery. This piece has nine male and three female characters.

A WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A Farce, in one Act. By John Oxenford. This piece has one male and three female characters.

JEZEBEL; or, THE DEAD RECKONING. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and five female characters.

THE RAPAREE; or, THE TREATY OF LIMERICK. A Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has nine male and two female characters.

TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, THE LADY ELIZABETH. An Historical Play, in five Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has twenty-five male and twelve female characters.

THE TWO ROSES. A Comedy, in three Acts. By James Albery. This piece has five male and four female characters.

M. P. (Member of Parliament.) A Comedy, in four Acts. By T. W. Robertson. This piece has seven male and five female characters.

MARY WARNER. A Domestic Drama, in four Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has eleven male and five female characters.

PHILOMEL. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By H. T. Craven. This piece has six male and four female characters.

UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. A Domestic Drama, in three Acts. By Henry J. Byron. This piece has six male and five female characters.

LITTLE EM'LY. (David Copperfield.) A Drama, in four Acts. By Andrew Halliday. "Little Em'ly" has eight male and eight female characters.

DE WITT'S MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

FORMOSA. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has eighteen male and eight female characters.

HOME. *A Comedy, in three Acts.* **By T. W. Robertson.**
"Home" has four male and three female characters.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN; or, THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Henry J. Byron.** This piece contains nine male, four female characters.

FOUL PLAY. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

AFTER DARK. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE. *A Drama, in three Acts.* **By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

BREACH OF PROMISE. *A Comic Drama, in two Acts.* **By T. W. Robertson.** The piece has five male and two female characters.

BLACK AND WHITE. *A Drama, in three Acts.* **By Wilkie Collins and Charles Fechter.** This piece has six male and two female characters.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE. *A Comedy, in three Acts.* **By Henry J. Byron.** This piece has seven male and four female characters.

KERRY; or, Night and Morning. *A Comedy, in one Act.* **By Dion Boucicault.** This piece contains four male and two female characters.

HINKO; or, THE HEADSMAN'S DAUGHTER. *A Romantic Play, in a Prologue and five Acts.* **By W. G. Wills.** The Prologue contains four male and three female characters. The Play contains ten male and seven female characters.

NOT IF I KNOW IT. *A Farce, in one Act.* **By John Madison Morton.** This piece contains four male and four female characters.

DAISY FARM. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Henry J. Byron.**
This piece contains ten male and four female characters.

EILEEN OGE; or, DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. *A Drama, in four Acts.* **By Edmund Falconer.** This piece contains fifteen male and four female characters.

TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. *A Comedy-Drama, in two Acts.* **By James Albery.** This piece has four male, two female characters.

NOTRE DAME; or, THE GIPSY GIRL OF PARIS. *A Romantic Drama, in three Acts.* **By Andrew Halliday.** This play has seven male, four female characters.

JOAN OF ARC. *A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* **By Tom Taylor.**
This piece has twenty-one male, four female characters.

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 Address as per first page of this Catalogue.

No.	Composer	No.	Composer
82. Last Farewell.	Tucker.	137. Ever of Thee	Hall,
86. My Heart is Thine Alone ..Glover.		138. As I'd Nothing Else to Do.	Hatton
87. Come Back to MeClaribel.		139. Grieve Not for Me	Wrighton.
88. Morn on the Meadow ...Wrighton.		140. I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.	Claribel,
90. Sad Brown LeavesChantrey.		141. Why Do Summer Roses Fade?	Barker.
91. Fond MemoryGlover.		144. I Cannot Mind my Wheel,	
92. I Heard a Spirit SingTaylor.		Mother	Linley.
94. Autumn TwilightGlover.		145. Araby's Daughter	Kialmark.
95. Rocked in the Cradle of the		146. Young Jenny	Allen.
DeepTucker.		147. O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!	Gatty.
98. Origin of the HarpMoore.		148. Oh, Keep Me in Your Memory.	
100. Strangers YetClaribel.			Glover.
102. Sweet Land of TyrolTheresa.		152. Upon the Danube River ...Tucker.	
103. My Pretty Bird, Sing On.		154. Just Touch the Harp Gently, My	
	Lindblad.	Pretty Louise	Blamphain
104. Spring and AutumnTucker.		159. When the Corn is Waving,	
106. Upon the Snowy Mountain Tops.	Moller.	Annie	Blamphain
107. Ave MariaGuenod.		160. Love's Secret	Tucker
110. Believe Me if all Endearing		163. When my Ship Comes Home.	Lee.
CharmsMoore.		164. Bird on the Tree	Nish.
114. Children's VoicesClaribel.		165. Yeoman's Wedding Song ,	Poniatowski.
115. Long, Long Weary Day ...Tucker.		166. Linden Waltz	Alde.
116. Why was I Looking Out?	Blumenthal.	167. Michael Bray	Philp.
117. Angels Ever Bright and Fair.	Tucker.	168. Lover's Pen	Poniatowski.
122. Annie LaurieTucker.		169. Eily's Reason	Molloy.
193. My Pretty JaneBishop.		170. With the Stream	Tours.
121. Distant LandHenslett.		174. Out in the Cold	Bagnall.
125. Dream of LoveRodwell.		175. The Wishing Cup	Wrighton
127. I Love and I am Beloved ..Richard.		178. The Island of Green .	
128. XeniaLutz.		Arranged by Tucker.	
129. On the Mountains	Benedict.	180. Meeting in Heaven	Wrighton.
130. Oh, Waly, Waly, Up the Bank.	Blumenthal.	182. Jenny of the Mill	Leduc.
134. The Birds were Telling One		186. Esmeralda	Levey.
AnotherSmart.		196. Heavenly Golden Shore ..Rosenthal.	
132. Come Sit Thee DownStclair.		197. Don't You Remember, Love?	Lawrence.
133. The Standard Bearer ..Lindpainter.		198. Hark! the Drum	Nish.
134. Shells of Ocean	Cherry.	200. Anita the Chieftain's Wife	Richards.
135. Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.	Bayley.		
136. Bloom Again, Sweet Prison			
FlowerYoung.			

OPERATIC SONGS.

10. Little Blue ButterflyHerve.	81. On Yonder Rock Reclining ...Auber.
27. Loving Daughter's Heart ...Balfe.	85. Walk Up Now, This is No Hum-
29. Paradise of Love,Balfe.	bug.
69. O Rare Malvoisie!Offenbach.	89. Song of the Tight Rope Dancer.
71. Light of Other DaysBalfe.	Offenbach.
73. Rhotomago's Partner Fair.	93. These Aching TeethOffenbach.
	97. Painted so Fine—Eyes Divine.
77. Ah! What a Fate!Offenbach.	Offenbach.
80. Then You'll Remember Me ..Balfe.	99. Anvil ChorusVerdi.
81. Turtle Doves	
83. 'Tis Sad to Leave Our Father-	101. Fool, You may Say it if You
landBalfe.	PleaseOffenbach.

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No.	Composer.
105. Oh, Flowers so Fair and Sweet.	Offenbach.
108. Mignon.	Thomas.
109. Pleased with Myself.	Offenbach.
111. Heart Bowed Down.	Balfe.
112. Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower.	Auber.
113. I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.	Balfe.
118. Her Gentle Voice Expressed, etc.	Balfe.

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142. My Own, my Trimming Sweet.

Macfarren.

143. Ah! So Pure.

Flotow.

155. Where shall I Take my Bride?

Herne.

COMIC AND SERIO COMIC SONGS.

1. Pretty Polly, if you Love Me.	Coote.
2. Fisherman's Daughter.	Bagnall.
4. I'll Tell Your Wife.	Egerton.
7. Up in a Balloon.	Hunt.
9. Captain Jinks.	McClagan.
11. Champagne Charlie.	Lee.
12. Thady O'Flynn.	Molloy.
13. Tassels on the Boots.	Tucker.
15. Tommy Dodd.	Clarke.
17. That's the Style for Me.	Young.
18. Pretty Little Flora.	Leybourne.
19. Bother the Men.	Walker.
22. I Wish I was a Fish.	Hunt.
24. Put it Down to Me.	Gatty.
28. Oh, Wouldn't You Like to Know?	Musgrave.
30. Where is my Nancy?	Hunt.
33. Immenseikoff.	Lloyd.
38. Good-bye, John; or, Chickabiddy.	
40. Beau of Saratoga.	Vance.
42. Not for Joseph.	Lloyd.
44. California Gold.	Hunt.
48. Susan, Susan, Pity my Confusion	Burnam.
50. Walking in the Park.	Lee.
52. Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sasi-rah.	Hunt.
53. Call Her Back and Kiss Her.	Minasi.
56. Flying Trapeze.	Lee.
58. It's Nice to be a Father.	Hunt.
66. She Danced Like a Fairy.	Dudley.
67. I Never Go East of Madison Square.	
68. Lancashire Lass.	Williams.
86. Rowing Home in the Morning.	Edgerton.
151. If Ever I Cease to Love.	Leybourne.
153. His Heart was True to Poll.	Tucker.
156. I'm a Timid, Nervous Man.	Cherry.
157. Rhein Wine Sharley.	Leybourne.
158. Heathen Chinee.	Tucker.
162. Mousekeeper's Woes.	Fechter.
171. Down in a Coal Mine.	Geoghegan.
172. Dolly Varden.	Lee.
173. Little Coquette.	Lee.
176. Good-bye, Charlie.	Hunt.
181. Bom! Bom! Bom!	Hunt.
183. Modern Times.	Coote.
184. The Hardware Line.	Banks.
185. Jack's Present.	Byron.
189. When the Band Begins to Play.	Hunt.
190. Upon the Grand Parade.	Davies.
191. Ada with the Golden Hair.	G. W. M.
192. Awfully Clever.	Hunt.
193. Perhaps She's on the Railway.	McCarthy.
194. Mother Says I Mustn't.	Hunt.

MOTTO SONGS.

34. Way of the World.	Ellery.
36. It's All the Same to Sam.	Hunt.
46. It's Better to Laugh than to Cry.	Clifton.
54. On, Boys, On, the Course is Always Clear.	Fetchet.
60. Act on the Square, Boys.	Lee.
177. A Bit of my Mind.	Bell.
179. An Old Man's Advice.	Tinney.
187. Up and be Doing.	Smith.
188. Ten Minutes Too Late.	Clifton.
195. Would You be Surprised?	Coote.
199. O'Donnell Aboo.	Morine.
449. Popular Airs for Little Fingers.	
No. 1. Walking in the Park ; Beautiful Bells.	
150. Popular Airs for Little Fingers.	
No. 2. Captain Jinks ; Tapping at the Garden Gate.	
161. Berger Family "Bells Mazurka."	